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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Memories.

BY JAMES WOODHOUSE

I cannot dismiss thee—and now from my heart,
I wish that those image would ever depart;
For the smiles have deluded,—and here in my grief,
I stand far too proud to accept thy relief;
I mourn not thy loss—for I smile and am gay,
To find that thy charmings, no longer bear sway
O'er the heart that once trusted, but now is dashed
Beats, scourning thy friendship, and counting its pain

What tho' I forget thee? the past is still near,
And the grounds we trip'd over I'll ever hold dear;
The songs than once loved—shall be as enter to me,
Far sweeter than ever the strainings of thee;—
They shall come to my soul, like dews to the flowers,—
Like rain to the harvest, and wind to the bowers,—
Their tone shall a pleasure to memory impart;
But the thought of thy smile, shall bring grief to my heart.

Ah! once they could please—when our friendship was young;
When the voice of the heart hung sweet on thy tongue.—
When a kind word from thee a joy would impart,
And a smile from thine eyes sent a charm to my heart;
When we roam'd with delight, midst the roseate bowers,
With the birds gaily singing among the bright flowers;
There—ah then, Amelia, thine image was dear;
But time wrought the change,—then no longer art near

Hadst thou smiled at my grief, and mock'd my distress,
There, even in these I had found some redress;—
But to stand cold and sullen, when tempest of wrath
Scows'd fiercely around me, and hung over my path;
To fly when I call'd thee;—to taunt me with scorn,
With coldness and silence—can never be borne;—
No, never! and hate like a tempests will move,
And mount with despite over the temple of love

Go! bright be thy prospects, and perfect thy bliss;
May thy hope beyond earth be more perfect than this;
May each day to thy soul new happiness bring,
And thy life close, as soft as the zephyrs of spring;
And living on earth—if a tear from the eye,—
If a prayer from the heart—can find place in the sky,—
Then my prayers shall go up at the closing of even
To guard thee on earth, and to bless thee in Heaven

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Do Not Weep.

Ah trust not on this struggling breath,
My spirit freed from pain and scorn,
Beyond the heartless way of death
On range of hope shall rove to-morrow!

I'll seek that holy harvest shore,
Where pure, and youtful wanderers reap
Bright gifts for all their suffering's o'er,
Then Mother, do not, do not weep.

There is a glorious realm above
Revealed to the just alone.
A meeting place for friends who love.
Where parting anguish is unknown

Then pray that you may shortly follow
For oh, it is so sweet to sleep.
Beyond a world vain, cold, and hollow,
But Mother! do not, do not weep.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Lucy Allen,
Or, Man's Heart.

BY CHARLES J. JOBBAT.

I am an infidel! The popular creed that "love is the business of woman's existence, but a mere circumstance in man's life," I do not believe. A somewhat careful investigation of the subject, illustrated by a thousand examples in every day life, has convinced me, most thoroughly that men suffer more keenly, from disappointed affection than the sex whose "business," forsooth! is love. I have never known but one woman become insane from the loss of a lover, and but one other who died of a broken heart! While of the others I can point out half a score of such cases, to say nothing of other scores whose noble *trusting* hearts have been filled with anguish at woman's perfidy, and who fear about a seared bosom and blighted hopes, who seem to the world cold and austere, just because the world knows nothing of those treasures of affection that they would have lavished on all around them, but for the blight of disappointment. And what is more than everything else, women deprive them of all sympathy! No matter how keenly a man may suffer, no matter how pure his character, how elevated his sentiments, how cultivated and creative his intellect, and no matter how worthless the jilt whose desertion broke his heart, let the poor sufferer utter one word of complaint, let him ask for the sympathy of his dearest friend, and even his mother and sisters join against him. Society, controlled by woman's voice, overwhelms his anguished spirit with torrents of ridicule, detraction and contempt!

"And I not well?" I am an infidel!" Will one of your lady readers allow that it is possible that one with such ideas can be aught but some notorious sinner? Some heathen from Kamschatka or some untamed Esquimaux! Let me assure them, however, that I am not even a "crusty fusty old Bach," to use Fanny K.'s elegant diction, but as happy a Benedict as one will find between the St. John's and the St. Mary's!

Perhaps they will forgive me, for the sake of the pleasant conclusion, if I illustrate my misdeforming notions, by a narrative, every incident of which, I assure them, is literally and exactly true.

In the summer of 182- I left my Alma Mater, (dear old Yale! How I love your pleasant shades!) with high hopes, but, alas! an empty purse; or rather no purse at all! And to get both a purse and money to put in it, according to examples numerous and honorable, from the time since when the memory of collegiate runneth not to the contrary, I assumed the humble vocation of pedagogue. Not that I deemed it humble. By no means. The "Principal of the B—— Ladies' Seminary, and Classical Institute," was no inconsiderable personage in two eyes, if no more. I will not, now, recite the history of my teaching. I am not in favor of unfolding to the public, alias the vulgar eye, the mysteries of the craft; how John would not study and did not get punished, because he was a favorite son of an elder; how James was too great a dolt to learn, and got pinned for acquisitions he never made; and how Sarah, sweet Sally! with her wit and beauty turned half the boys' heads, and made study in the school impossible, whenever she chose to be wicked, and that was not seldom. Why should the *profane* be able to understand all these things? Though a pedagogue no longer, I scorn to betray the craft!

"Where shall I board?" said I, to the President of the Trustees, after settling all the preliminaries of my compensation and duties with that worthy functionary.

"Do you see that white house, with the store adjoining it, across the green? Well, that's exactly the place for you! Mrs. Allen is a keen, quick-willed woman, a good liver, and she has two fine daughters. One of them will suit you exactly."

Ah, thought I, many a long and weary hour I must toil on, before that consummation of my boyhood's dreams, wedded love!

To Mrs. Allen's we repaired; and all the preliminaries were speedily arranged, and I was installed in my chamber. The snow white bed linen, the neatly carpeted floor, the window curtains so nicely folded, the little looking glass trimmed with evergreens, and the pine bungle filling the good old fashioned angle fire place, (how I abominate these coal grates and close stoves!) all told of the regard for my personal comforts and the good taste which I might expect to find adorning my new house. And the front window looked out upon a large oval green, stretching on nearly a half a mile, bordered by the white houses of one of the sweetest of our New England villages. The old church with its towering spire, and my own academy occupied the centre of one side of the green, just opposite to Squire Johnson's noble mansion, and the neat cottage of his sister, Widow Mellen. These were the aristocrats of the village. Mr. Johnson was rich, highly educated, and in his sympathies and principles, thoroughly an aristocrat. How often he talked of the "high bred" and "lower classes," of "people of condition," "mere laborers," and the like familiar phrases. He made it convenient to forget that his father was a poor carpenter, who had his trade and his tool chest, his only capital in business at 21. His stately sister, so dignified, so well-informed, so graceful, showed his high notions. True, her late husband had failed in business, and died of a broken heart, a few years before, leaving her quite destitute. The little cottage was her sole possession. But then, her oldest son was the bookseller of the town, and indeed of that part of the country; and in his large printing office one half of the books published by the leading publishing house in Philadelphia were printed. He, therefore, belonged, by occupation, to "the best circles." And her youngest son, the amiable, elegantly formed, graceful William, though now only a journeyman printer, in his brother's office, might soon, nay his poetic genius she knew would speedily place him among the brightest ornaments of his country's literature.

He was a noble youth—I never saw a finer form. The expression of his eye combined amiability and intelligence. He was warm-hearted, trustful, affectionate. Always nurtured in his quiet home, his fine and quick sensibilities had not been chilled by premature contact with the selfishness of society. If he was too trustful, too confident of the purity and benevolence of mankind, it was not because he lacked discrimination; he wanted experience. Was it strange his mother was proud of him? He was the pride of the village. Before I had been there two days one of the neighbors came in, and spoke in glowing terms of William Mellen. I thought I heard a gentle sigh, behind me, and turning round, half involuntarily, I mirrored the glistening eye and slightly blushing tongue of the cheek of Lucy Allen.

"No chance for me there," thought I, "notwithstanding what good Mr. Merryfield so kindly promised me." Lucy saw my earnest gaze, and turned away with an expression of pain, and a curl of the sweetest lip in the world, and a frowning brow that told of the deep workings of suppressed emotion.

But I forget that I have not described Mrs. Allen's family. I owe Mrs. Allen's family. Her husband was not dead, yet he was not living. No, his was the living death of the inebriate. And strange to tell, his wife made him so!

It was not till some months later that I learned their history. I will relate it, so far as it stands connected with my immediate object.

Claire Bingham was the only sister of one of the leading political characters in the State—a man celebrated for the brilliancy of his conversational powers, and feared for the terrible power of his withering sarcasm. As a political writer no man of the age has been more unfaithful—more more hated. He has spared his friends little more than he did his foes. The least error in judgment, the slightest deviation from *his* standard, called down upon the offender a stinging rebuke which was felt long after the occasion for it had been forgotten. Often the public hardly dared express sympathy with the sufferer, lest those who were so bold should themselves become the victims.

Trained up in the family and under the eye of this brother, his favorite plaything in her childhood, his pride and companion in her mature years, Laura possessed equal talents, the same conversational powers, and the same terrible power of sarcasm. A beauty, mingling in the first circles of the literary metropolis, she seldom restrained her bitter wit, out of regard to the feelings of others, till she met with Jesse Allen. Allen was a man of education, of moderate talents, fine person, amiable temper and winning manners. The capricious Laura, who had slighted the addresses of many men far superior to him in intellect, became at once strongly attached to him. For his sake, to win his love, and in society, under the impulse of her affections, she restrained herself, and appeared as amiable as she was beautiful and gifted. They were married, and settled in the beautiful village of ——, in the house where I found them. Two daughters were the fruits of their union. Of the young ones I have little to say—she was amiable, like her father, and has made a good man happy by rendering his home a little Eden. The eldest, black eyed, black haired, fairy-like Lucy, seemed to be in intellect and disposition almost the image of her mother. She was more amiable, but the dangerous gift of sarcastic wit, indulged without restraint, and eagerly encouraged by her mother, had so far marred the loveliness of her character. I have turned away from her flashing eye as I never did from the pride or wrath of a man!

But I was speaking of the parents. Soon after her marriage, Laura, disregarding, at once the claims of duty and love, and the dictates of good policy, began to exercise her powers of sarcasm upon her husband. Almost worshipping her, and naturally forbearing and generous, he returned her bitter jests with caresses, and smiles, till she ridiculed his forbearance—then he mildly remonstrated against the indulgence of a temper so inconsistent with the harmony of the conjugal relation. But nothing could prevail upon her to refrain. Whether her consciousness of intellectual superiority over him, or the power of early and long indulged habits induced her course, I cannot say. But she would not forbear. And finally poor Jesse's love was cooled, his home became a scene of suffering that his gentle spirit could not bear, his legal business was neglected, and he sought in the bottle forgetfulness of the evils he had no power to remedy. Laura was shocked at the result. She was, so far as such a nature as hers can be, a devout person. And, with that strange perversity not uncommon in society, she sought a refuge from her own grief of the results of her own course, in the consolations of religion, and while she continued to persue her husband with reproaches on account of his drunken habits. Only once, it is said, Jesse found word to reply to her taunts. "If I am a poor miserable drunkard, a disgrace to my family and town, Laura as you say, (and it is too true,) I was not so when I became acquainted with you."

His spirit was broken. His pride of character was gone. He never made a single effort to retrieve his standing in society, but went onward, in the devious path of the tippler, till his business was gone, his money expended, and his credit destroyed.

The merchant who occupied the store that joined his house, pitying his family, and, as the neighbors believed and reported, loving the youngest daughter quite as much as he prized the rest of the family, paid up his debts, took a mortgage upon his house as security, and employed Jesse to drive his baggage team to and from the city. Poor Jesse, happy to find any employment that separated him from the cause of his sufferings and degradation, was a model of fidelity to his employer. He seldom drank except on his return home! He would leave home, sober with liquor, be sober for a week, while absent, but when he drew near to the place of his residence again, stop and drown his cares in the inebriating bowl! His earnings, however, supported his family in good style, for a retired country village; and he took pleasure in hoarding them for the education of his daughters. The youngest daughter, whose whole character emulated his, he quite idolized. Lucy was treated him with tenderness and respect, but he evidently feared her. He had heard her exercise his power, so like her mother, on her young companions, and though he loved her, he avoided her eye, and seemed in his manner towards her, rather to deprecate his displeasure, than to seek a return for a parent's love.

Lucy was not perfectly beautiful, but she was one of the most fascinating women I ever knew, except her mother! The reader will think the exception a strange one, but I seriously give, that I have never known a woman, who it she pleased to unleash her tongue, was so attractive a companion as Mrs. Allen. I never understood what was meant by the fascination of the snake till I mingled with that family circle. And I was once unfortunate enough to provoke an exhibition of the pangs! I shall never forget it, as long as I live.

Lucy had all her mother's talents, more amiability, and similar powers of fascination. The summer before I came to B—— William Mellen, who had been her school fellow from infancy, became her accepted lover. The growth of their affection was so gradual, that none took note of it, till the happy young man informed his mother that Lucy Allen had consented to be his bride, as soon as he established himself in business, as he intended doing, the following spring, with his uncle, in the country town.

Imagine his surprise and consternation when his mother declared in the strongest terms, and with a passionate warmth of manner quite unusual with her, that she would never give her consent, that she would rather see him in his coffin and the tenant of the tomb, than the husband of Lucy Allen, the daughter of a woman who had driven her husband from his happy home to the tavern, and made him a drunkard by her bitter tongue. "Oh my son, Lucy Allen is just what her mother was at the same age, and you are the image of her husband when he married her!"

It was only a day or two after this occurrence that I became an inmate of Mrs. Allen's family. It so happened that Mrs. Allen became aware of the result of William's interview with his mother the very day after I went there, and her spirit was roused to its utmost bitterness. One torrent she poured forth upon every one who approached her, or ordered them from the house. As a stranger I enjoyed an exemption. But the trembling husband fled to his cups. The benevolent merchant left the town on business, the youngest daughter fled sobbing to her chamber, and poor Lucy, who had hitherto been spared, perhaps from some sympathy arising from similarity of disposition, now suffered alone. Leave the room she dared not, and even at the table she was not free from fiery glances, and now and then a stunning word.

William was forbidden by Mrs. Allen to come near the house; and his own relatives, with one voice declared that they would never consent to see him ally himself to such a family.

William was in despair. A few days afterwards he disappeared in the night, and for many weeks no one knew whither he had directed his steps. One county was scoured, the ponds and streams raked, his person minutely described in the papers, but for six weeks no trace of him could be found. At last a merchant, whose business called him to a remote neighborhood of a farming town, about thirty miles distant, met him. He had wandered off, on foot, penniless, with no clothing but the dress he wore, and had hired himself for a little to the laborer on a farm. He was evidently somewhat insane. He eat little, slept little, spent most of his leisure alone, his countenance had lost its bloom, and an air of the deepest melancholy, with occasional mildness marked his conduct. He had given a false name, instead of his own, to the worthy farmer who hired him. He was evidently fast wearing out his life with grief.

With great difficulty his mother and brother persuaded him to leave the farm and enter the office of the publishing house in the Show town. Here, however, he still remained silent and gloomy. His health was visibly declining. His sunken cheek and hollow eye, and short dry cough indicated to a stranger the commencement of that curse of the land, consumption. Ah, it was *only* a broken heart!

As for Lucy, I have no doubt she loved him, as well, yea better than most women love. But after the first shock, if there was any change, it did not affect her health, or her beauty. The bright bloom on her cheek did not fade away, her ringing laugh was as merry as ever, and her step as elastic. Yet not one solitary letter from William came to cheer her; and she knew he was dying of a broken heart!

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"Ah! my good mother," he said, laughingly, "they tell me you and Ellen are to be married in a fortnight. Is it so? Glad to hear it. But I shall not be long behind you—again! since I come to think of it, we shall be married on the same day. Miss Spencer is a fine, dashing girl—a cool fifty thousand to here—we shall live in some style, but you must come and see us. Cards and all that sort of thing will be sent you.—But I forget—I've an appointment to look at a pair of carriage horses at eleven, and it now only wants five minutes of that hour. Good bye—I'll see you soon."

There goes a fine fellow who is about to sacrifice his happiness to his love of display," mused Prescott as his eye followed the receding form of his friend; and with a sigh he turned and walked on.

They were instructed—Prescott and his bride seeking their simple, yet comfortable home, while Mr. and Mrs. Masters were whirled off on a fashionable tour from which they returned in due time to astonish the town by their splendid entertainments. But alas! even before the honey moon was over Masters found that his friend's anticipations were true, and that Mrs. Masters, though rich, beautiful and accomplished, thirsteed, by a peculiar longing, to exhibit his life. As time elapsed, instead of the evil only increased, and about two months after the wedding, it was more than doubled by an event which never occurred. This was nothing more than the discovery—then first made by the fond settlement of Mr. Spencer's estate—that his daughter was in reality worth but a bare ten thousand dollars. The knowledge of this circumstance would not fail to irritate a husband whose chief motive in marrying was to possess himself of his wife's fortune—recrimination and re-criminations ensued between the ill-mated pair—and, as usual, the interview ended in a flood of tears on the part of the lady, and a volley of curses on that of the gentleman. Seeing his hat Masters cushed from the house in no very enviable state of mind. Almost the first person he met was a mutual acquaintance of himself and Prescott.

"Ah! Masters—the very man I wanted to see—have you heard the news—I am glad of it for both their sakes. I see you are ignorant, and that I am the first one to bring you the intelligence. Well then Prescott has had a glorious windfall in the way of fortune—his wife and her sister Mary have fallen co-heiresses to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, left them by an East Indian uncle, whom they had not heard of for twenty years. I once thought you and Mary would be married, but I was mistaken—she has been engaged you know a month and more to Mr. Leicester, your old rival. But I must hurry on. You look ill. I hope all is well at home. Remember me to your bride."

Masters did not speak, but, in his heart, he cursed the day he ever saw Miss Spencer, or refused the love of such an angel as Mary Elcott, for fifty here. He was rightly punished, in being tied for life to a peevish, extravagant, and comparatively pettiness woman.

If his story shall prove a lesson to our readers, our object in relating it will have been fulfilled. It is better to deal in truth, simple though it be, than in fiction, however gorgeous.

The Avenger.

"In God's name, see the fate and all things fit,
"There let them end it—God defend the right!"
Henry IV. Part II

I am no defender of the duellist. I am rather his foe. But his conduct is not always actuated by dishonorable motives; and even where it is, the custom often becomes the means of his punishment. Like the oak that Milo would have severed, it rebounds upon and crushes him. An instance of this character it was my lot to witness many years ago in Europe.

During a protracted residence in London, at an early period of life, I became acquainted with many of the students in Lincoln's Inn, and formed in short one of their society. It was composed mostly of young men of fine talents and some fortune, with occasionally a literary aspirant, and at intervals a gay follower of the "*beau monde*." It was at one of these convivial parties I first became acquainted with the characters of my story.

On a cold harsh evening in the month of January, some years ago, I went to the chambers of my friend M. in Lincoln's Inn, to meet a party of wine-drinkers. M. had been called to the Bar the same day, and we met to drink success to him, and wish him a Chancellor's wig and the Woolsack, as the reward of his professional labors. There were some ten or a dozen of us sat down to table, and most of the company, seemed, by their jovial manner, well disposed to make a joyous night of it; but among the drinkers, I observed one who took my attention above the rest, not indeed for his jovialness, but the contrary. He had one of those countenances that fixes an interest—one cannot well tell how. He was neither ugly nor handsome, but his face was strikingly indicative of vivid thought—while a certain air of neglect in his general appearance—an occasionally abstracted look, and a clouded brow, conveyed the impression that some unward trouble preyed upon him, and prevented him from sharing in the general convivial tone of the company. I observed, however, that he did not stint his glass when the bottles came round, but gulped down his wine like water, nor did he seem, except from a deep flush now and then upon his brow, to be more affected by it, than if the pure element had been his drink. M. sometimes addressed him cordially, but as it seemed, rather less familiarly than the rest of us, and was answered with a correct courtesy in well-chosen words, but few. When our host's health was drunk, as a new member of the Bar, the congratulations of our more serious companion fixed the attention of the whole company. He spoke with peculiar force and fervor, and pathetic of expression—his mind shone out, and the cloud that had overcast his countenance passed away; but the light was brief, and seriousness, amounting almost to gloom, sunk upon him as before.

There sat beside our host a man, who was in many respects a striking contrast to the person I have just described. He was remarkably handsome, yet the expression of his countenance was far from being pleasant—there was an air, half of suspicion, half of scorn, which, to me, marred the effect of his faultless features; and from the first time I looked at him, I felt that I did not like him. He was dressed with particular care and elegance, and the ease of his manner showed him well accustomed to society, but showed still more that he was an excellent terms with himself. My first impression was prejudice were soon brightened by the manner of his conversation—he talked with an airy solubility of his intrigues and his conquests; but this was not the worst—he treated libertinism as though it were a science, and discussed the various devices of sensual depravity, with as much cool precision, as coolness. What he said was evidently not the momentary impulse of vain and thoughtless sensualism—he had manifestly deliberated upon the revolting arts, in the recollection of which he revelled—he was, if what he said of himself was to be believed, both skillfully and systematically vicious. Yet with all this he contrived to be considered that he talked well, and, Beau-like, "he pleased the ear," while he disgusted the moral sense.

I had met very few men of this description before, and have not met many since, though I have been told by those who go into society more than I do, that in these "march of intellect" times, they are much increased. I can well believe it; yet both for the sake of such unhappy individuals and of society, I cannot but lament it, since I know no sort of character more utterly hateful. If Providence has been pleased to make a man a fool, or if unruly passion, getting the better of reason, hurries its victim into error, our pity is excited as much as our indignation, and we feel desirous to reclaim as much as to punish; but when cool craft and sensual depravity go together, we can look upon them with nothing short of unmixed detestation. But to return.

As the wine continued to go round, the volable tongue at the head of the table became more particular in the gross details of his real or fancied triumphs over simplicity and innocence, and boasted of an affair just concluded, which had taken him several months of perseverance to accomplish. "But how is it, H. that you can find time for all this?" said some one near him—"one would think you were an alderman, like some of the Saint James's Street fellows, who do nothing but pursue such adventures from year's end to years end, but we all know that you read."

"Time?" replied the gay gentleman; "all final time for some recreation to which they particularly attach themselves. I know one man, that, at no matter what inconvenience, will leave town for a fortnight or three weeks every season to hunt foxes in Leicestershire, and he works like a slave for it, for six months afterward. Another spends all September and half of October in shooting, though he can so ill spare the time, that, until summer comes again, he gets but five hours rest out of the four-and-twenty; and a third not only spends a week every now and then, that he can ill afford from his scientific pursuits, but contracts catarrh, if not cholera, wading up to his middle in the running brooks, and seeking to rub the waters of their trout and jack. Now, I neither hunt, nor shoot, nor fish, except now and then, by accident; but I pursue a game to me more exciting, and productive of more vivid pleasure, with less fatigue, which latter I know and have felt, may be pleasant to a robust constitution, but yet it is a fatigue, and I prefer ease to it. Now, I'll give you a specimen of my adventures—whether it is not good—they have theirs, and I have mine."

I felt disgusted and offended at this speech, in which brutal, insolence, and immorality were so unblushingly displayed, and I was thinking how I might best put in some observation that would at least relieve me from the painful sensation which this exhibition of unregretted licentiousness produced within me, but looking at my silent and serious companion, to observe how he had taken this lively sally, I was diverted from my purpose, and my attention became entirely fixed upon him. The blood rushed to his forehead, his eyes flashed, and, with a voice indicating hardly suppressed passion, he burst forth,—"I trust, sir, I may be permitted to remark, that your gay rhetoric has taken a turn, that, in common justice to yourself,—at least I hope so,—it ought not to have taken. Yet it is too much to suppose that you meant merely as a joke, what you have just now been saying. I have strong feelings upon the subject, and I must confess that, so far from there being, in my opinion, any just comparison between the libertine pursuits, which men have sometimes the misfortune to fall into, and the other amusements which you have so unaccountably classed with them—I should say, supposing both to be systematically pursued, that there was just as much difference between them as there is between healthful exercises, or harmless idleness, and deliberate scoundrelism."

There was something in the emphatic manner with which this was said, that produced a silent attention from every one in the room. Every word, although uttered, as I have said, in a suppressed tone, as if the speaker had been struggling against a greater explosion of wrath, was heard by all as distinctly as it was possible for articulate sounds to fall upon the ear. The perfect silence which followed, although but momentary, was very embarrassing. The gentleman who had undergone the reproof arose, his handsome features assuming an aspect perfectly satanic—wrath was burning on his brow, and fury and revenge glared from his eyes. Our host laid his hand upon his guest's arm as he arose, as if deprecating any expression of violence. This appeared to make him hesitate for a moment; the flush of anger gave place to a cloudy paleness, over which he forced the appearance of a smile, and saying merely to my companion, who had addressed him,—"We shall talk of all this, sir, at another opportunity"—he resumed his seat, and M. immediately essayed to give a new turn to the conversation. In this he succeeded better than might have been expected; and, though there was now the same *freedom* of conversation during the rest of the night that there had been before, the society was, by my thinking, none the less agreeable, and we did not break up until the small hours of the morning.

The severe rebuke administered to the gay gentleman by his companion seemed to have no effect upon him. He seared him that I sympathized fully with all he had said, and that he had anticipated that which I wish to have said myself, if I could have hit upon a method of doing so without appearing to make a personal charge.

"Then you think me wrong, doubtless," said he; "for have not I made something like a personal charge?"

"Something very like it," I replied; "and yet I do not think he whose who are evidently shifted in the same distinctions between personal and general observations would so construe it."

"I am not sorry," he rejoined, "to have said what I felt to be true in such a cause; but I already feel that I ought to have better considered several collateral matters, before I took upon myself to speak as I did in this place. I may have given pain and uneasiness to my friend, who very pleasingly invited me here to-night. I had no right to do that."

"Nay," I said, "he is too just and well-principled himself, not to feel that the fault was not with you, but in the occasion given. But you do not seem well," I added, seeing my companion put his hand to his throbbing temples as if in pain.

"No," he replied, not quite well. But it signifies little—I ought to have remained at home to-night, as I have for a long time, and I ought not to have drunk wine; but it is too late to decide upon these things now."

After an interval of silence, the conversation was commenced anew in a more cheerful tone, upon general subjects; and the more I heard of my new friend's remarks, the better reason I had to admire the virtuousness of his sentiments, and the vigor and grace with which he expressed them.

We rose to go away, and in the lobby I observed Mr. H. who had so ostentatiously professed his libertinism, call my new acquaintance aside, and put a short question to him, which he quickly answered, by saying he would be found in the Gray's Inn Coffee-House at ten o'clock in the morning. I understood this to have reference to the words which had passed between them at table, and felt not a little uneasiness at the thought of the serious consequency which might result from this slight excitation of a moment's thoughtless, but upon the instant I felt no way of interfering with propriety. I resolved, however, to call upon M. in the morning, and endeavor to enlist his good offices in the task of preventing any serious rencontre between his friends.

We had now got down stairs into the wide square of Lincoln's Inn,—it was a dreadful night—the rain and sleet pelted in our faces as we left the door, and the wind howled horribly through the passages. My serious companion who seemed to be hardly fit to encounter such a night, even with the best appliances of coat and umbrella, had neither. As I was better furnished, and a hackney-coach was out of the question, I offered him my escort if he was going toward the Temple. He took my arm with thanks, and we pushed on together, getting unsparingly drenched and chilled, for there was no resisting such weather. It was pitch-dark—the moon and stars were obscured by dense and driving clouds of sleet—most of the lamps were blown out by the sudden gusts of wind, and every living thing, save ourselves, seemed frightened out of the streets. Even the hackney-coaches seemed to have deserted the town—no sound of wheels was heard, not of any thing except the hatefully-roaring wind, and the dismal echoes of our footsteps as they went plash, plash, over the pavement. I felt that my companion shook violently.

"You are quite unable to encounter such a night as this," said I; "I am afraid you are very unwell and chilled to death with the bitter storm."

"No, no," he replied; "I am ashamed of this weakness; it is merely a nervous infirmity, the consequence of excitement, and will soon go off."

I could feel him clenching his teeth, and grasping my arm in his effort to repress the shivering; but it was in vain—he grew much worse. We were now close to the Temple, and he wished to tid me good-night, and proceed alone; but I felt plainly that he could not stand, much less walk alone through a storm. "That must not be," I said, "how far have you to go."

"To Surry Street, only—a thousand thanks for your assistance so far—but you must not come out of your way—I shall endeavor to get on myself—it is not far."

"No, indeed—I shall see you home—I should never forgive myself if I did not; you must take good care of yourself—you are ill—very ill."

"I fear I am—I was very foolish to venture out to night, but I had persuaded myself that I was stronger both in mind and body. I accept your kindness, for which I am most grateful."

My companion would now have fallen, had I not supported him. Short as the distance was to Surry Street, we reached it with difficulty. He stopped at a door near the river—he had the key in his pocket—it was a lodging house; and to avoid keeping the servant up, he had undertaken to let himself in. The passage was perfectly dark; he again wished to bid me good-night, but though I was myself reluctant to proceed, I knew that he could not get up stairs without assistance, and that it would be a false delicacy to refrain, under such circumstances, from intruding on his apartment. I therefore hesitated only for a moment, and then telling him that he must allow me to undertake the part of an intimate friend, and resign himself entirely to my management for the present, I walked in with him. My companion replied only by an earnest grasp of the hand.

I groped my way up, supporting him as well as I could. "This is a sorry place you have come to," he said, "but the weakness of the body breaks down pride; I only feel how very much I am indebted to you for all this trouble."

"Say nothing about it—this is the room door, I think?"

"Yes, he replied, faintly, "it is reached, thank God, at last."

We entered—there was neither fire nor candle burning. Fortunately there were means of striking a light, of which I availed myself, and a chimney taper soon threw its feeble rays around the gloomy and scantily furnished room. Little used as I was to any want of comfort, there was to me something very miserable in the situation to which I found myself. I was frightened for the young man, who had sunk down upon a trunk in a corner of the room; there he lay with the most ghastly expression. He was drenched to the skin, and continued to shiver so violently as to shake the whole room.

"What is to be done?" said I; "would you wish me to call up any one?"

"No, no, thank you; I shall be better in a few moments—I shall then get off my clothes and go to bed."

"Nay, that must be done at once; I will assist you. Come, let me take off this dripping coat—so—now the trowsers—there—here is a towel to rub you dry—and there I see are your night things. Now, let me help you to your bedside, there now," I continued, as I settled the pillow, "you see what a nurse I am—you must endeavor to get warm, now."

He put out his hand—"God bless you," he said; "I may perhaps die very soon, but while I live I shall not forget this."

"But I am not going to leave you yet," I replied, "I must see how you come on—I want to see this shivering cease."

I saw some wood lying inside the fender; and there were some unburned coals in the grate. I have never made a fire, thought I, but it is now time to try. I had often watched the process, and now imitated what I had seen, happily with good success. I raked out the coals, piled the bits of wood to cross layers, put on the coals again, and applied my light. The fire was a good one in ten minutes, but still I could hear my friend shivering in bed. There was a kettle in the room, which I furnished with water from the ewer, and put it on the fire. When it was hot, I poured it in the basin, and held the feet of the poor shiverer in it for some minutes. Then putting him into bed again, I warmed an old dressing-gown of flannel, which I found on a chair, and wrapped it hot round his legs and feet. I had the satisfaction to find that the shivering abated, and soon nearly ceased altogether. "See what a physician I am," said I—"and yet I never attempted any thing of the kind before. Now, if you promise to be very quiet, I will bid you good-by for a few hours—I shall see you again by nine o'clock."

"Glad bless you again and again," he said; "I think you have saved me from miserably dying to-night—farewell for the present."

I came away. The night, or morning rather, as it advanced, had become worse and worse. Fiercely in my teeth blew the bitter wind, and the drubbing sleet pierced to the skin; but I hardly felt either. My heart was light and warm with the sense of having been actively engaged in doing good. I have often walked home less comfortably in a fine night.

I slept soundly for a few hours, and awoke just in time to dress and keep my appointment with my new friend, and *patient*—for so I was obliged to consider him. I had knocked at the hall door before I recollected that I did not know the name of the person I sought; for though I had heard it in the course of the evening before, when we were at table, I had not observed it, and afterward it had not occurred to me to ask him. A slipshod girl, with her hair all in papers, dangling over a dirty greasy face, opened the door. "Is Mr. —— in, the gentleman, I mean, who lodges on the second floor—I want to see him."

"I don't think he's up, sir."

"Oh, I know that; but I am come to see him in bed. He is not well, I fear."

"I believe not, sir; I will go and tell him."

But I did not wait for her announcement; and telling her I knew the room, passed on before her. I knocked at the door, and was answered in a hoarse hollow voice, quite unlike that I had heard the night before; yet, when I opened the door, found it was the voice of the same man. He was partly dressed, and sitting on the side of the bed, his head toward the pillow, with his hands clasped under his forehead. It appeared as if he had sunk down into his position when trying to stand upon the floor. He started when he saw me, and for a moment seemed scarcely to be able to recollect me. I went toward him—"How is this?" said I, "I must chide you. How could you think of trying to get up?"

"Ah, my preserver," he said again, in that frightful hoarse hollow tone, "this is indeed very kind—more than I could have hoped for even from you. I knew I ought not to get up; but I must—I am unfortunately circumstanced—an appointment must be kept this morning."

"Good God!" said I, feeling his dry fiery hand, and observing the burning fever on his brow, "this is madness; it is impossible you can stir."

"I know it will be very difficult," he replied, "for even now I could not stand; nevertheless I must go, or be branded as a coward. Were it not better to die in the attempt," he continued with more energy, "than thus should befall me? I am a soldier's son."

"And your father?"

"Was killed in battle. I am his eldest son."

Here some thing like a groan burst from his labouring breast.

"Come, come," I said, "I know how this is—your remark last night to Mr. H., he spoke to you as you came away."

"Yes."

"Well, but that affair cannot be settled now. If there is no friend that you wish sent for, I will myself give a sufficient explanation to Mr. H. for the present; but now let me assist you into bed again. Do, for our friendship's sake," I added, and took hold of his hand.

"Do you advise me to this?"

"Yes, most decidedly."

"Then be it so, for you are indeed a friend; and I have no other now in London with whom I can advise. I can hardly speak, but while I can, here—what I have to say. I came to London full of romantic feeling, from a home where all was virtue, honor, and simplicity. I was successful in my pursuits, and in other respects happy—most happy, it is part of my misery now to think how happy I was. From the day I saw Mr. H. who came to live in the house where I lived, my lot has been changed. He turned away from me the fountain whence flowed all my gladness; he was from me the jewel of my life, and misfortune since has fallen upon me, through my own fault. I have felt as a man, but have not reasoned and struggled as a man. I have lived alone for months. Last night I was induced to join society again, and there was he too—the one fated to destroy me. You know what passed. The purport of his enquiry as we came out, was to learn where I might be found this morning. I did not like to name this sorry place, and told him I would be found in the Gray's Inn Coffee-House, at ten o'clock. What is to be done? It is agony to seem to fear him."

He could proceed no further, and covered his face with his hands.

"Be calm," I said, "I will go to the place you have appointed, and see his friend; but in this not your first quarrel with him."

"It is. I have reason that I was ill used by him; but it is my own foolish heart to which I owe my misery. He may not have been to blame. I never spoke to him until last night."

"Enough. I will now go. I have a friend in the medical profession who lives near this. I will send him to you as quickly as possible; but—tell me where shall I look for a card with your address?"

"Oh, yes; you are a brother's part by me, and yet the not know my name. It is Charles E——. My father was Major E——, of the ——regiment; he fell at Waterloo."

I remembered that I had heard the name before, though not in connexion with Waterloo; but there was no time for further speech. I got to Gray's Inn just as the clock struck ten, having called on the doctor in my way, and urged him to lose no time in visiting Mr. E.

I left word at the hall, that if any one asked for him, he should be brought to me; and I had not long to wait before a gentleman appeared, and was conducted to the place where I was sitting. I explained to him the reason that Mr. E. could not attend to his appointment, and offered to go with him to Mr. H. and tell him the circumstances of which I happened to be aware. To this he assented, and we soon reached Mr. H.'s handsome rooms in Lincoln's Inn. I repeated to him the facts that made it impossible for Mr. E. to meet his friend.

"It is very awkward," he said. "Do you act as Mr. E.'s friend in this affair."

"Not in the sense that you perhaps use the term. I only come to assure you, on my own personal knowledge, of the utter impossibility of Mr. E. meeting you, or any one else, at present, except in his sick chamber. I believe him to be very seriously ill.

"It is a pity," he replied, "that those who are liable to such sudden attacks are not more careful in the use of expressions for which they may be called upon personally to answer."

"That observation," I said, "is hardly necessary to me. I come here merely to pledge myself, that the reason of Mr. E. not meeting your friend this morning is badly inability; and having so pledged myself, you will perceive that I can allow no insinuation of want of disposition on his part to keep his appointment. I myself restrained him in an attempt to rise from his bed."

"Well, sir," said Mr. H. "as the matter must rest for the present. But it cannot end thus; when Mr. E. gets well, it must be settled."

"I much doubt that he will ever get well," I replied.

"In that case the affair will settle itself," he rejoined.

And thus in humanity and social life, thought I, as I turned away, and went to the chambers of my friend M. where we had been the night before. I found him arraying himself in a new gown and wig, and preparing to make his first appearance in Court. I told him what I had been about, and all that had happened, and asked him what he knew of Mr. E.

"Then I trust it will long continue," said I, "and that it may, you must be cheerful, and when you get strong enough, apply your mind to pursuits in which it can scarcely fail to make you successful and distinguished."

"I shall try," he replied, "but that brings me to the point at which I wished to arrive. I want to tell you—for such a friend as you have been, deserves all my confidence—what has been my course of life, and how it has been interrupted."

"Nothing could interest me more," said I.

"You are aware," he continued, "that I lost my father at Waterloo—I was then ten years old—there were four of us—I have two brothers and a sister. My mother's heart was almost broken, and for a long time, she was wan and gloomy and confusion in our house. At length my mother roused herself from the deep and distressing stupor of her grief, for it was necessary to attend to our worldly affairs, and see to our future support. Upon a settlement of my father's affairs, there was found to be no more than barely enough to maintain us respectably. It had been intended that I should be educated for Oxford—that was necessarily given up, but still no pains were spared on our education. The primary, which, as an officer's widow, my mother was allowed, she devoted to the payment of a private tutor, who lived in the house with us; and the fault was our own, if, under his care, we did not imbibe enough of the best sort of learning. Thus, indeed, were happy days. My mother, if never absolutely gay, became entirely cheerful—while my brothers and myself were with our tutor, she devoted herself much to my sister's education, and we all assembled every evening, and rambled about together, or read and talked, a most united and happy family.

"As I grew up, it was resolved that I should study for the Bar; but, in the meantime, an ardent taste for general literature had led me to make some attempts, which, by the kindness of a country friend who had literary connexions in the metropolis, were favorably introduced to some London publishers. They were praised and paid for far beyond my highest expectations, and I was soon induced to quit my home for a residence in London, where the path to literary fame and emolument seemed open to me, and where it was at all events necessary I should reside, in preparing for my profession. My mother was, of course, full of anxiety about the place in which I was to fix myself in the great city, and we were all highly pleased when the clergyman of our parish proposed to introduce me to the house of the widow of an old college friend of his, who lived in London, and helped out the expenses of her housekeeping by taking two or three persons to board and lodge with her.

"At first when I arrived in London, all went well, and but too happily. I had as much as it was convenient for me to do in employment which I liked, and my circumstances were easy; but the charm of my existence was in the new home to which I had been introduced."

Here my friend paused, and tears filled his eyes. "My nerves have been so weakened by this illness," said he, "that I cannot tell my story without more emotion than I expected; but I will go on."

"The lady of the house, was a very excellent person in her way, had a niece living with her, and who had lived with her, as I understood, for about a year before I came to reside under the same roof. She was an orphan; her father, who was a clergyman, had been dead a good many years; her mother, who had been, I was told, a very accomplished woman, died also a short time before the young lady of whom I speak had come to live with her aunt. I heard that much pains had been bestowed by her mother upon Maria's (I mean the young lady's) education; and I can well believe it. Never were exquisite beauty, and the most touching sweetness of disposition, more worthy of whatever culture could do to adorn them with all womanly accomplishments. Gracefulness hovered about her every step and motion—elegance and gentleness were combined in all she did and said. When she spoke to me, I listened to music—

———I did hear her talk
Far above singing!

It seemed that love and tenderness had made their dwelling in the depths of her eyes, as blue as heavens; and when she smiled and was glad, an atmosphere of joy was round about her, and all within its influence rejoiced. I speak as one who loved—for I did love—though then I knew it not, or cared not to examine what the reason was of the happiness that I derived from her presence. We spoke of many things, for she seemed to like to converse with me; but of love we never spoke. I thought, our feelings toward one another were the same—but oh! the fatal mistake! They were as different as is the thunder-cloud from the softest vapors that float athwart a summer sky. Mine wanted but the touch of jealousy to burst out into flame and agony—hers were but the calm sentiments of liking and esteem, if they even went about so.

"The Mr. H. whom you met the other night, came to live in the house. How he happened to be received there I cannot tell; for its masters was particular to admit no one that was not well recommended; but he came, and was from me that which I then found how much I prized. I heard him from the moment I saw him enter the door. I never spoke to him—the light scornfulness of his talk made me despise him too much; but he had studied the art of pleasing wonderfully, and his personal attractions made the task all the easier. I need not go over the history of his attentions to Maria, and the gradual appearance in her dislike—yes, her dislike for me. I left the house in despair. I cared not where I went, so that I might be alone. I could no longer apply my mind to my accustomed avocations. My finances sunk in consequence, and I therefore contented myself with the badly furnished and worse attended place to which you smoked me on that unfortunate night. It was the first time I had been in society for six months, and endeavored to force myself into spirits for it. You know the rest."

"And have you heard," asked I, with some curiosity, "what was the result of Mr. H.'s attentions to this young lady?"

"Nothing—nothing. From the day I left the house where then they both lived, until this day, I have endeavored to make my heart as it were a heart of iron, to all thoughts of her that fascinated, and then repelled, me."

"But think you the designs of H. were honorable?"

"No—I think he sought the triumph of gaining the affections of so lovely a creature, and I doubt not his success. Perhaps he was wretch enough to aim at the ruin of her body and her soul, for the gratification of his fiend-like lust; but in that I am full sure he would never succeed. Once she learn his impurity, she would flee from him as from a wild beast; but her affections may have been won, and then trampled upon, and her heart may have been torn and crushed, as mine has been."

I endeavored to turn my friend's mind to more cheering thoughts, and then left him, much interested in his past story and future fate.

My affairs about that time called me out of town for a week. The first evening after my return I called upon H. whom I had left fast attaining to perfect health. I found him with a number of papers on the table, at which he had been writing. As I entered, he was walking up and down the room. He ran to me, and shook me earnestly by the hand. "Thank God you have come," said he.

"What is the meaning of this agitation?" I replied; "you alarm me."

"Listen," he said, "I am going to make further demands upon your friendship—but first let me explain what has happened. My cousin, Captain M. came to town yesterday morning, and called upon me with letters from home. I walked out with him to the Park. We there met the lady in whose house I told you I lived when I came to London. I bowed, and intended to have passed on, but she turned back a step or two after me, and said, 'That if I did not happen to be particularly engaged, she wished much to speak a few words to me.' Upon this my cousin left me, requesting me to join him again in the course of the Park when I was ready. The lady then told me hurriedly and pointedly enough, that having a great desire to explain to me what must have seemed rude and harsh conduct on her part, and that of her minister, and not knowing where I lived, she had determined to avail herself of the opportunity of our accidental meeting to speak to me—'You must have observed, sir,' she said, 'that after the unfortunate arrival of Mr. H at my house, my manner was soon changed toward you.' I had not observed any change in the good lady's manner, for which you will easily account, but I let her proceed without interruption. 'The fact is, that Mr. H. thought it necessary to get you out of the house, because you could misunderstand him, and were a check upon him. He told us the worst stories of you.' And then, sir, she went into a detail of slanders that set me mad.—She confessed that she and her niece had believed the villains, and had consequently treated me with coolness, to induce me to leave the house. A month or two, however, discovered to them the character of the abandoned libertine they had listened to, and he was turned out of the house with indignation; the intimation he had come with was discovered to be false, though he took care to avoid forgery, by making it a verbal one merely, which, with his plausible manner was sufficient. Part of what he had said about me was discovered to be a lie, and the rest was not believed. 'My niece,' said the old lady, and with this concluded her story, 'has scarcely held up her head since the discovery of the base man's infamous intentions.'

"You may judge the state of fury into which I was driven by this recital," continued H. as he walked about the room in the utmost excitement. "I passed my cousin, and instantly asked him to go on my part to demand satisfaction of H. The villain had the insolence to tell him that he was glad I was at last ready to show myself, as he had been waiting for some time to make a similar demand of me. But why occupy you with all this? It is arranged that we meet to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, immediately after six o'clock."

I was petrified with surprise and grief. "Good God!" I said, "is there nothing to be done to avert this? Why should you expose your life to the fire of one who has thus injured you?"

"There is no other method to wipe out the stain," he answered passionately. "But at all events it must be done. I may not, and I cannot, reason now. I have a request, and whether I shall ever make another I know not. You are these papers—I shall seal them up to-night; if I fall, let them be conveyed to my brother,—and you will say to my mother,—but that way madness lies, or something worse, a faltering of the man within me.—You will do what I ask—I know you will. And now—for I must sit down to write again—now farewell! God bless you—forgive me all this trouble."

He wrung my hand—I promised,—I hardly knew what I did, or where I stood.

"Farewell!" he said again.

"No," I replied, "say good-night. I will be on, or near the ground, to-morrow morning."

"Thanks, thanks—more than I can utter," he said; "I wished it, but dared not ask it—good-night!"

That night I did not sleep. I know not what to do. I thought a hundred times of going to the police, but was deterred by fear that in so doing I was betraying my friend's honor, and leaving him open to the further snares and calumnies of his adversary. Morning came at length. It was the middle of March; a cold dry black wind blew in my face as I went forth, the sky was snowing, and gloomy forebodings took possession of my soul.—As I reached Hyde Park, the gates were just opening. Soon after, two carriages passed; I followed them as closely as I could, and reached the ground just as the two combatants were led to their respective places by their seconds. I saw the self-confiding air, the cool demoniac pride in superior skill, which appeared in the face and whole deportment of H. He took his attitude with the air of an officer saluting on parade. R. was perfectly steady, but with an air of deep seriousness, far beyond that of his adversary. The seconds left them—the moment of suspense was agonizing. The word was given—they fired, and my friend R. tottered and fell to the ground, never to rise again.

I flew to him, and flung myself down beside him, raising his head with my arm. The ball had struck him as if directed with the most murderous duellist's aim, between the lowest rib and the hip joint. He was bleeding inwardly, the damp of death was already on his face, and the glassiness of his eye showed that it was soon to close for ever. Oh! horrible, horrible, is such a sight. He held out a hand to me, and to his cousin, and murmured, "I expected it would end thus," then disengaging his hand from me, he put it in his bosom, and pulled forth two little packets. "These, these," he faltered, "for my sister and my mo——— Oh God! be merciful—comfort her, comfort her, my friend—farewell!" The blood gushed up his throat, from the inward wound. I can describe no more, we bore away the lifeless body from the ground.

* * * * * *

Who shall paint, or by what semblitude shall be conveyed even a slight idea of the misery unutterable—the fearless agony—the swelling of the heart that will not burst and end the pain—the burning sword within the bosom, that tortures but will not kill—the intensity of grief that overwhelmed that widowed mother, when by cautious and slow degrees the full extent of her calamity was made known to her? Her eldest born, that first lay upon her breast and drew sack—her consolation in her former great sorrow—her hope, her pride, her joy, he whom she had lately watched upon his bed of sickness, and had seen snatched from the jaws of death; he to whom renown she looked as the honor of her old age, was dead! dead! and lost to her—to all, not by the visitation of God, but by the hand of a villain who had slandered him, and before whom he then stood up to be slain! A night in darkness she passed about her room, trying to say, "Thy will be done, O Lord!" but the words stuck in her throat, for she could not reconcile her soul to what had happened. At length, however, came tears and resignation, and she confessed before high Heaven, that her heart had been too proud of her son, and that the chastisement, bitter, bitter as it was, and almost killing, yet was just. Nor was she left without human support. Never before had she felt in its full extent the excellent spirit of that noble girl, her daughter, who, like an angel in loveliness, and pity, and affection, tended her in her distress, and bid her own grief, (weeping in secret,) that she might the better support her mother.

There was but one of the family whose heart was not softened by this terrible visitation. It was the brother, to whom my unfortunate friend had written a long account of the whole course of affairs which led to the duel. To say he had hated the brother he had thus cruelly lost, is nothing—he abolished him—he was his guide, his instructor, his friend. If Richard R. had had a thousand lives, he would have given them all, to save that which was lost. The death of Charles utterly changed his nature in an hour. He read the long letter which had been written for him, and thenceforward, he resembled a man of iron, or marble. He came to town immediately, and as soon as his brother's funeral was over, asked me, with a stern coolness that amazed me, a number of questions about H. I could tell him very little beyond what the reader of these pages is acquainted with, except that immediately after the duel he had set off for France. In two or three days Richard R. came back to me.

"I have found out a good deal about that murderer," he said, "he is at Paris, and will be back in two months, if it seem safe for him then to return. Of course no impediment will be placed in his way. I have found out too, that for six weeks preceding my brother's *murder*, he went every second day to a shooting exercise ground, and practiced with the pistol; he was sure of hitting any thing." All this was said with a dry fierceness that confounded me. "Farewell," said he, pressing my hand in his iron grasp, "I shall come back to town in two months, and shall then see you."

I saw him before that time when I visited his mother, but his manner was still the same. At the end of two months he came to London. After the first salutations were over, "Mr. H." he said, "returned to London yesterday."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I have had him watched," he replied.

"You meant, then, to have him arrested and tried," I observed, with some anxiety.

"No," he answered; "*arrested!* I do mean he shall be, but not tried—at least at any earthly bar."

"Good heaven! what do you mean to do?" I said. I do not understand you; what do you mean to do with respect to him?"

"To *kill* him," he answered with frightful distinctness, and ground his teeth, as if he were in imagination trampling him to death.

I was dreadfully shocked. I feared he had lost his senses, and his look did not tend to expel the idea—his hair had in two months changed from black to grey—his eyes flamed with revenge and defiance; his noble features—for he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw—had all lost their former expression of tranquility and sweetness. He moved toward the door, but turned round, and, I suppose, observing my surprise and horror, he said, "I will not assassinate him—I will bring him into the field, or lure him to death in the public streets with my cane, as I would a mad dog," and as he uttered these words, he struck his stick with such violence against the floor, that it shivered like pipe-clay, and fell out of his hands in fragments.

I started up. "You do not know what you are doing," I said; "you have no chance with him—you yourself told me what a shot he was, and you have no chance but that of being killed, and your mother will break her heart."

"Sit down! sit down! I tell you, I am not a madman, that I shall *kill* him. Look you, this day two months I had never fired a pistol but two or three times in my life, but when a brother is murdered it is time to learn. I have learned, and mark you my mark of space upon that knife," he continued, pointing to one which lay on the table, "and upon the edge within that mark of space I will spit five bullets out of me, at twelve paces."

Before I was able to address to him my observations on return, he had walked away.

Ere three days had passed, he had publicly proclaimed before a whole company where H. was, that Mr. H. was the very not brave, was a liar and a slanderer. I heard of it the same evening, and that a meeting had been arranged to take place out of town, the next morning but one. I determined that there should be no hesitation on my part about applying to the police this time, and had arranged, before I went to bed, that both parties should be taken up at nine o'clock the next morning.

It was now the height of summer, and the mornings were beautiful. I got up early, so was my cousin, and walked out together from our house about eleven o'clock towards Kensington. As I passed the Park gate, I saw, to my horror and astonishment, a carriage pass with H. in it, and two others, and to a minute after, another rapidly followed up which I recognized Richard R. The fact was, that after having settled the day following but one, as a blind to all but the parties concerned, they had agreed that the very next morning they should meet in Hyde Park. I looked about for assistance, but could see none, and, like a distracted man, I ran to the very spot where the former duel had been fought. As I went very quickly, and across the ground, I passed upon the second carriage, which had to go round by the road, and when I arrived at the spot, H. was bathing his right arm with cold water. The morning was so warm, that it appeared to R. and it expedient to steady the muscles by cooling them.

"Hold, murderous wretch!" I cried; but just then the second carriage drove up, and Richard R. with a military friend, alighted. It was in vain to expostulate; both parties were determined to fight, and they took their ground. Never were two finer-looking men set opposite to one another by a deadly purpose. Richard R. the moment he took his ground, fell into a position like a soldier mounting guard, and stood firm as a piece of iron, coolly looking at the spot where his antagonist stood. I thought that for a moment something like an appearance of terror crept over H.'s countenance, but it soon gave way to the expression of cool Satanic hate. The pistols were handed to the duellists. I stood transfixed with I know not what of horror and fear. I could not look away, and yet it seemed as if my eyeballs would burst in looking at the combatants. Richard R. looked at the pistol as he took it, and the slightest imaginable trace of a bitter smile played upon his mouth. The pistols were raised—the word "fire," had hardly reached me when both pistols went off. Merciful heaven! H. leaped into the air, as it seemed to me, the height of himself, and fell upon the earth as lifeless as the earth on which he fell. Richard R. stood still, as though he were an iron statue. He had sent his bullet into the ear of his antagonist, and right through his brain.

I rushed up to him. "Is not this horrible?" I said.

"Very," he replied; "but do not think me unfeeling that I contemplate it without emotion. This sight has been constantly before me for the last sixty or seventy days and nights. I felt and knew that I was to do this, and have seen many a time, or it seems to me that I have seen all that I now see before me—that miserable man dead, in this very place where my brother was slain, and you to whom I speak, beside me. And now my work is done. My brother died here, and now I can weep for *him*." And he bowed his head upon my shoulder, and wept as a strong man weeps, when his grief can thus find vent.

It appeared probable that close together as the two shots appeared to be, Richard R. had fired first, and to the immeasurably short period of time which his fire had preceded that of his antagonist, he owed the preservation of his life. As H.'s pistol was levelled, it seemed certain that the ball would take effect under his adversary's arm; but before the charge had left the muzzle of the pistol, he had doubtless received the death-shot in his brain, and his weapon fell a little, for the ball went through the legs of Richard R.'s trowsers, but without giving him even a scratch.

In three days from that awful morning, R. was on the Continent, where he lived in deep retirement for two years. For more than a year his mother did not know the real reason of his going abroad, though she had heard that he who slew her son, had fallen in a similar manner himself.

When Richard did return, it was to call me brother, to which title I had acquired a right—by the law matrimonial.

K. N. M.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 25.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers to the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Mr. S. W. Fullerton, Jr. will act as agent at Newburgh, Orange county, New York, for the S. E. Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ John H. Alley, is authorized as a general travelling agent to obtain new subscribers to the Post and Graham's Magazine.

Our Receipts—A Hint.

A goodly number of our subscribers are remembering the printer about Christmas times, and are sending in subscriptions quite merrily. To such, and to the gentlemanly postmasters, who are doing all on their power to aid us in collecting our accounts, we tender our sincere thanks.

There are a great many delinquents on our large list who might profit by the example. A hint, we hope, will be sufficient—we do our best to make a good paper, and must be paid for it.

Christmas.

To-day is Christmas! It is the season of festivity and joy. All over this wide land, in the dwellings of the humble as well as of the rich, thousands and thousands of hearts are beating with gratitude, as they partake of more around the paternal hearth, to spend the day together. This annual re-union of the members of a family is a noble and touching custom. The sight of sisters who have not met for a year, of brothers who have been hundreds of miles away, of grandchildren whose dwellings perhaps are beyond the mountains, all coming up, with one motive, on the day to the old homestead, and gathering around their parents' hearth as they did when they were children, is one that appeals to all the kindliest and holiest emotions of the soul. And those who have lost children, will feel it at such. These reminisces, as it were, links which unite them to the happy days of childhood, bringing up before them in all their freshness, the songs, the laughter, and all the sunniness of youth. Never may this holy custom depart from amongst us.

It is Christmas—and throughout the home the children are gaily romping, exulting in their presents, and wishing that Christmas would come oftener than once a year. The whole air is ringing with their laughter, as a summer morning with the carols of innumerable birds. One little girl is dressing her new doll—a plump urchin of six is whooping on his rocking horse—another still younger is blowing a tiny trumpet over the whole house—his brother of ten pores over Appleton's illustrated Cyclopædia and a fair girl of fourteen, whose sunny eyes are glittering with merriment and happiness, is turning over a magnificent annual, while every now and then her looks stray to a sparkling ring upon her finger. There is a young married couple—a daughter and her husband—but they sit alone in the fireside, too happy to do aught but look into each others eyes, although occasionally they will glance at the children and smile pardonably at the merriment. The parents gaze from one to the other in honest pride, now and then, however, eluding the unconsciousness of one of the youngsters, but yet doing it in such a manner that the reproof is almost a license for Harry to shout the louder, and Mary to sing the offered to her doll. All is hilarity and joy.

It is Christmas—and in the country. There is to be a great dinner at farmer Howard's, and his good dame has been all the week preparing pies, making jellies, and getting things to rights. From a score of farm houses around, each succeeding farmer and his wife are setting out in their easy carriages to the place of entertainment. What a feast the table groans under—turkeys, geese, chickens, perhaps ducks, hams, and a dozen other eatables, with pies, puddings, and mammoth mincemeats. Why the famous banquet given by the old Greeks before Troy, at which Ulysses, and those other battle-eaters used to devour such quantities, sink into insignificance alongside a feast like this. The table is piled up until you would think it would give way under the load. And then what pressing solicitations to eat!—and how many gargantic cuts are laid on your plate!—and how the pike and single goes round until between eating and laughing you are almost choked. Many and many a time, in some quiet old farm house, far away from the busy town, have we feasted thus at kings never feasted in all their pomp. Give us a country dame's larder if we would tuck in the turkey and pie!

It is Christmas! and here merely the sports of the evening go round. There is the sound of dancing in one habitation, the songs of young maidens in another, and everywhere the voice of merriment, happiness, and joy. Now in many dwellings are thanksgivings for the mercies of a past year, and prayers for the like blessings during the coming year forgotten, and sweet it is to hear the silver-tongued young girl as well as the gray haired one uniting in the holy work. And from still other homes, the happy hearts send up to the throne of God, unbidden yet a sweet acceptance, for in not the silent gratitude of the inner spirit even more eloquent than pious lively hymns is it?—God heareth all alike, whether of one sect or another, whether Jew, Gentile or Christian.

A year has passed since we last conferred with our readers on this theme, another year will have gone forever before we do so again. In that period what changes may occur. But trusting that storms may fall lightly, and happiness plentifully on all, we take our leave with a hearty wish for "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Mating of Slaves.

The Charleston Courier gives an account of the mutiny of a number of slaves on board the brig Creole, bound to New Orleans. It appears that while the brig was lying to on the night of the seventh of November, expecting to make Abaco the next morning, the captain and hands having turned into their berths, except the watch on deck, a negro came into the cabin, and told the captain that some of the men were in the hold with the women. The captain requested Merritt, who was attending to the engines, getting their fuel, &c. to go and see who it was among the women. Merritt went down, running the gauntlet by the lamp, and discovered a negro named Madison, who attempted to get on deck; Merritt caught him by the leg, and Gifford, the mate, held him by the head and shoulder, his body being on deck, and his legs in the hatchway, they intending to shackle him.

While scuffling with him, a pistol was discharged, and the mate, Gifford, was struck on the back of the head by the ball, but it did not penetrate. Gifford and Merritt ran below into the cabin, were up the captain and Mr. John Howell. The captain took his home knife and rushed on deck. Howell found a musket, and prevented the negroes from coming to the cabin; fired it at them—they threw a handspike at him, and took the musket from him—they were at the entrance to the cabin at the time—Howell picked up the handspike, drove them from the cabin door, to the forward part of the vessel, some of them in his rear stabbed him several times, and he returned to the cabin and fell dead. The captain fought, but was overpowered; thrown down, the knife taken away from him—succeeded in getting away from them and out up the rigging. Gifford was already up the same mast, and finding the captain fainting from the loss of blood, hailed him to the mast, and went up higher—the other took to the rigging of the foremast.

The negroes having possession of the vessel, spared Merritt; his consideration that he took them to Nassau. At first they wished to go to Liberia, but when Merritt assured them that the water and provisions would not hold out, they consented to go to Nassau. Meanwhile they had the captain and some of the passengers in the forecastle. They allowed the captain's wound, however, to be dressed.

On arriving at Nassau, the American Consul being informed, by the mate and crew, of what had taken place, went to the Governor of the Island, and requainted him with the facts; the Governor sent a file of soldiers on board. They had day after being in that port, the passengers, crew, &c. identified 19, who appeared to be the principals, the next day, and they were taken ashore and lodged in jail. The Attorney General of the Islands then read, from the quarter deck, the British Laws, and told the negroes that they were free, and might go "any place they pleased." During this time a large number of boats, (those absent of them armed with clubs) came along side of the brig. After the reading of the laws by the Attorney General, those in the boats expressing impatience at the time, a signal was given by this officer, by waving a pocket handkerchief, and the shoes were pushed and shoved from off the vessel into boats, a portion refusing to go; five would not go, and had themselves. The captain was taken on shore by the American Consul, and his wounds dressed by a Physician.

On the arrival of the brig Creole, at Nassau, as soon as the news was known among the shipping, a captain commanding a vessel from Maine, lying in port, collected up all his pistols, cutlasses and tomahawks, and the Consul purchased some—took his crew in a boat with these arms, and went to the brig for the purpose of manning her and taking her into Charleston—the soldiers ordered him to keep off, that if he attempted to get on board they would fire on him—he was compelled to return. The brig proceeded on the voyage with only 5 out of 136 negroes.

The whole of the slave property on board the Creole, was insured in New Orleans. The following is a list of the owners, the amount of insurance, and the names of the offices where effected.

Thos. M'Cargo, in Orleans Insurance Co.	$20,000
Do do Merchants' do do	15,300
Lumpkin & Lockett, in the Firemen's Insurance Co.	20,000
Lumpkin & Lockett, in the Merchants' Insurance Co.	10,000
Johnson & Apperson, in the Ocean Insurance Co.	15,000
John Hagan, in the Ocean Insurance Co.	6,300
Charles Hatcher, in the Ocean Insurance Co.	3,200

The offices have, one and all, we understand, refused to pay over the amount of the insurance. Whether the United States Government will interfere in the matter, has not yet appeared.

The State Treasury.

The Secretary of the Treasury has written a letter to the editors of the Harrisburg Telegraph, giving a much more cheering account of the State finances, than has been given for a long time. The letter is the best reply we can give to the efforts of men, both here and abroad, who, for their own selfish purposes, wish to disparage the State stocks, and injure the credit of the commonwealth. The letter is as follows:

TREASURY OFFICE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
HARRISBURG, December, 15, 1841.

MESSRS. FUNK & WALLACE:—

Gentlemen—The subject to which your letter of yesterday refers, has on more than one occasion attracted my attention. I have been grieved to witness a seeming disposition on the part of a portion of the press of Philadelphia to depress our State stocks, an effort which could result in no good except to a few interested speculators. It was to allay the fears of those apparently urgent on the subject of the payment of the interest falling due 1st February next, or rather to calm excitement, that I was applied to by several highly respected gentlemen of Philadelphia, for information in regard to the condition of the Treasury and its resources, to which applications I invariably replied that I entertained no doubts but the interest would be paid, and that there was too without recourse to a further borrowing of money, yet as a proper precaution against any unforseen obstacles and to render the payment, I might say, absolutely certain, it was deemed advisable by the Governor, myself, and a mutual understanding with the Governor, that timely notice should be given to the Banks agreeably to the resolution of 5th May last. I am happy, however, to state now that from the receipts of the Treasury during the last three weeks, it is rendered apparent that no portion of the loan will be required if the banks.

To illustrate this I herewith furnish you with a detailed statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Commonwealth for the financial year, which will show the following result:

Receipts,	$5,380,782 23
Add balance in the Treasury 30th Nov. 1840.	625,256 17
	$6,006,038 40
Deduct payments,	4,896,106 14
Balance in the Treasury 30th November, 1841.	$1,109,932 24

A part of this balance is unavailable for interest purposes, being appropriated to per diem allowances for members of Huntingdon Bench, and a portion being depreciated funds and advances on account, to the public officers. The amount expended on presses, and the extensive and variegated collection of the National Institute, together with many foreign curiosities and presents to our government, are being examined and explained. It is as public a place as a museum, and very much like one.

The more precious deposites are left in a corner room, and should be under lock and key. The story is, that this room was entered by a false key. The entrance, however, is in rather of the inner length of the edifice, and it is not easy to imagine how such a robbery could have been committed so publicly, at such an hour, and nobody be in hail. The scabbard of solid gold, and three feet long, more or less, must have been carried off under a cloak. It was certainly a very audacious robbery, and how it could possibly have been committed in such circumstances, is mysterious enough.

The estimated value of the articles, is perhaps $10,000. A reward of $1000 is offered. The public authorities should see to it, that, in future, a better watch is kept over the articles of value deposited here.

The Late Gale.

The gale of Thursday week was a very severe one, and extended westward as well as northward and eastward. In the vicinity of Boston the storm was especially severe. The ship Alabama from Liverpool, went ashore at Point Oldertown. She lost all her masts, and will be a total loss. She belonged to Mr. Grant, of Hallowell, Me., and was insured for $18,000. Her cargo was fully insured. On the Hudson, the tempest raged with almost equal violence. The North America, which left Albany on Thursday evening, did not arrive till nine o'clock Saturday morning, having been obliged to lie by all of Thursday and Friday nights, and most of Friday. She met the Chancellor coming "stark to the mast" off Newburgh, unable to proceed.

To the westward the gale was also violent. Snow fell in large quantities above Reading, around Harrisburg, and among the mountains. From Thursday until Monday there were no cars from Columbia or Harrisburg. The storm extended as far westward as Lake Michigan. The schooners Jefferson, Wave, Ocean, Dolphin, McFarlane, Mariner, Mariner's Wife, Wentworth, the ship Black Hawk, and the brig Sultana, went ashore at various points along the coast. So far as heard from, there has been no loss of life.

From Brazil.

We have received files of Rio Janeiro papers to the 25th of October. They contain, however, little news.

The *Correiro Mercantil* of Bahia, under date of October 13, announces the capture of the French brig Marabout, by the English sloop-of-war Rose, under suspicion of slave trading. The Marabout was bound for the coast of Africa, but the Rose ordered her to Cayenne.

In Ceara a party war was raging with violence.

All was quiet at Maranham, although there had been some commotions attendant upon the elections.

At Parahyba an attempt had been made to assassinate the President. From the other Northern provinces there is nothing of moment.

North Eastern Boundary Question.

In the Legislature of Vermont the following resolutions have been passed on this subject:

Resolved, That it is the duty of the General Government to prosecute the settlement of the North Eastern Boundary Question without any unnecessary delay.

Resolved, That while we deprecate a war with Great Britain, as a great national evil, and to be avoided by every in case of stern necessity; and whilst we recommend to the Government of the United States a conciliatory, yet firm and decided course on this subject, yet if such course fail, we pledge ourselves to sustain the authorities of the Union in maintaining their rights with all the resources in our power.

The U. S. Bank Presentment.

The Court of General Sessions did not give their opinions, as was expected, on this case last Monday,—but postponed the matter until Friday the 24th instant (yesterday.) At the time we went to press the decision had not been given. No doubt, however, seems to exist respecting the result, as it is generally understood that Judges Barton and Conrad will go for quashing the presentments, while Judge Doran may take an opposite course. In any case the present presentment will be quashed as irregular.

The Southwark Bank.

On Saturday, in the Court of Common Pleas, the Court gave the opinion sustaining the several points in the information filed against that bank, by the Attorney General, to show cause upon a writ of *quo warranto*, why its charter should not be forfeited, except one which embodied the bank's refusal to comply with the law requiring the loan to the State. The case will be taken up to the Supreme Court.

From Florida.

News from Savannah to the 16th inst. states that thirty-seven Creek Indians have come in at Fort Wacahoota, and these Creeks promise to bring in the remainder of that tribe under their Chief Octassie. Eighteen Michanokies have been heard from, who say that they are determined to fight it out to the last. The Michanokies have killed two Creeks sent to negotiate with them.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Columbia.

Fifteen Days Later.

By the arrival of the steamship Columbia, of Boston at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, we have intelligence from Liverpool to the 4th and from London to the 1st instant. The early part of the voyage of the Columbia was pleasant, but for the last few days she encountered heavy gales.

England.

The English news is unimportant. The Queen was sufficiently recovered to take an airing. The health of the Queen Dowager was declining. She is to be, however, the godmother to the infant Prince. The christening, as far as can be learned, is to be as private as the exalted birth of the prince will allow, but the banquet which is to be given on the occasion will far exceed in splendor the entertainment that was given when the Princess Royal was baptized.

There was no material alleviation of the distress in the manufacturing districts—the contributions from other parts of the kingdom, though apparently liberal, being totally inadequate to meet the emergency of such a general want of productive employment. A faint hope yet seemed to linger with some of the newspapers that the crisis had passed, that the principal causes of depression had ceased to exist, and that business would soon resume its wonted energy and life.

The commercial depression which had prevailed so long in England, had spread over the whole of Europe. In Russia it was felt very severely. Not less than two hundred and fifty failures had taken place in Moscow alone, and nearly an equal number in St. Petersburgh. The emperor is reported to have issued a peremptory ukase, to the effect that those merchants who did not pay 40 per cent. of their debts, should be compelled to join the army as common soldiers.

The failure of the potato crop in Ireland appeared to be even more extensive than it was at first represented; and, coupled with the but too apparent indications of a severe winter, caused many forebodings of distress among the countless poor of that oppressed and ill-governed country.

The London papers of the 28th ult. give an account of a daring incendiary attempt to destroy the Horse Guards and Queen's Barracks. A ball composed of explosive materials, was thrown into the court of the Horse Guards, and fell at the feet of a soldier and exploded with the noise of a cannon. It caused great alarm throughout the metropolis, which increased when it became known that a similar ball was thrown into the barrack yard at Charing-cross. These daring attempts to destroy public buildings, following so closely upon the fire at the Tower, and the alarm at Guildhall, are supposed to be the work of foreigners, and Government have ordered a return of all foreigners in England, to be made forthwith.

The American Minister, Mr. Everett, arrived in London on the 19th of November, and the next he had audience with Lord Aberdeen. On the 24th he dined with Sir Robert Peel, and two days afterward he left London for Paris.

The Liverpool Standard says that a large and powerful association is now in progress of formation, having for its object the establishment of an extensive and national system of emigration to the North American colonies. An object so beneficial to the poorer classes of this country, and so conducive to the general trade and prosperity of the empire, cannot fail to meet with co-operation. But this association is also supported by a union with the Bermuda and Nova Scotia, whose claims on the ancient provinces of Nova Scotia will thus, it is anticipated, be made not only available to themselves, but beneficial to the increased population of these kingdoms.

A party of persons have succeeded in passing through the Thames Tunnel. Chantry, the sculptor, died of apoplexy, on the 25th of November. Lord Elgin, the collector of Parthenon and collector of the Elgin marbles, is also dead.

The weather throughout a great portion of Europe, the past fall, appears to be very much like experienced in this country—warm and dry. Heavy rains have delayed the sowth of France, Spain, &c. while the whole north of Europe has been suffering under the chilling blasts of premature winter.

There was a great meeting of deputies from all the Anti-Corn-Law Associations, at Manchester, on the 27th of November, at which speeches were made and resolutions passed, verging very near to what would have been considered "treason" some twenty years ago.

Disturbances in Syria.

The following is a letter from the Sardinian Consul at Beyrout, dated the 20th of October:—

"Serious events have taken place in the mountains—events amounting to a civil war. The Emir, as is known, has established himself at Deir-el-Kamer, and given orders for the levy of tribute; but the Druses, instead of bringing their contributions, attacked the town on the 8th, and have blockaded it ever since. There are about 42 Christians killed, and 100 Druses; the latter to the number of 5000 besieged the Christians, not numbering more than 300; but the latter fought, protected by their houses. There have been no Christians killed, but Colonel Rose and the English officers interfered with Evah Pasha. Aid-de-camp of the generalissimo, and Lady's Magazine, and is now on our table, fully equalling our anticipations of its merit. It is a magnificent affair. Its engravings, and plates of fashion are very beautiful, while the letter-press is a fine specimen of typography.—*Spirit of the Times.*

BEYROUT, Oct. 29.—A hundred villages have been attacked, the loss of human life has been dreadful on both sides, hundreds of children who escaped the ruthless fury of the Druses, have been brought to this city, existing is of such a nature as to lead to the idea that it will continue for a length of time. The town of Beyrout is overcrowded with hundreds of miserable families burnt out of their villages at an incredible short distance from that place, to such a point of insolent audacity have the Druses proceeded.

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Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 15, 1841.

SENATE.—The two Senators from South Carolina, Messrs. Calhoun and Preston, appeared in the Senate this morning.

Petitions were presented praying for the release of American citizens at Van Dieman's land by negotiation with the British Government.

Memorials were also presented for a Marine Hospital on the Western waters; for the erection of Piers on the Delaware near Christiana; from Kent Co., Michigan, asking for an appropriation for the improvement of the harbor at Grand River.

Mr. King of Ala. presented petitions from the Legislature of his State for the establishment of a Land Office.

Also for the reduction of the present rates of postage.

Mr. Merrick brought forward his Joint Resolution for the transfer of the Stock owned by the General Government in the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to the State of Maryland.

Mr. White introduced a bill making an appropriation for the Cumberland Road in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The bill having been read twice, was referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

Mr. Pierce introduced a bill which was twice read and referred to the Committee on Military affairs, for the settlement of the claims of New Hampshire against the General Government.

Mr. King of Ala. introduced a bill for the settlement of claims against the General Government. The bill was twice read and referred.

The three resolutions offered yesterday were adopted, and with one exception without debate.

Mr. King objected to the resolution offered a few days ago by Mr. Mangum, proposing the appointment of a Standing Committee on Printing, unless the resolution should be modified so as to include among the exceptions named in the Resolution all papers, memorials, and resolutions from the Legislatures of the several States.

The modification was readily accepted by Mr. Mangum, who stated that his only object was to procure economy in printing.

Mr. Bayard offered a resolution, which lies over for future consideration, calling upon the Committee to require into the expediency of abolishing the Revenue Cutter Service and employing Naval vessels.

Mr. Woodbury introduced a resolution, which also lies over for an inquiry into the propriety of making the pay of the officers of the navy and army correspond.

After the consideration of a great variety of miscellaneous business, unimportant to the public, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Fillmore, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the bill reported yesterday, "making appropriation in part for the expenses of the present session of Congress."

After some interrogatories from Mr. Cushing, as to whether the appropriation for the mileage of members was not made in advance, the bill was reported to the House. It was then ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. Adams desired to know what disposition was to be made of the motion made by him yesterday, for the reference of a petition asking the repeal of the 21st Rule which motion had been laid over for one day.

The Chair said the motion in question would come up in order, after the States shall have been called through for petitions.

A great number of petitions were then presented from the Northern and Eastern States, asking in no very mild language the repeal of the 21st Rule, and the repeal of all laws countenancing in any way whatever the institution of slavery.

Many of them were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, and others laid on the table.

Several petitions were presented from Maryland, on the subject of a National Foundry. They were referred to the Select Committee on the subject.

Mr. Fillmore reported a resolution from the Committee on Ways and Means, asking for a clerk to assist them in their arduous duties.

The yeas and nays were taken on the resolution, and it was adopted, three being but four negative votes.

Mr. Goddings then moved for a clerk for the Committee on Claims, but the resolution was not received.

Several hours were then occupied in the further presentation of petitions.

Mr. Cushing, on leave, reported a resolution from the Select Committee on Finance, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for the plan of the Fiscal Agent, referred to in the Message of the President. It was unanimously adopted, after which the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 16, 1841.

SENATE.—A message was received from the House announcing the passage of the bill making provision in part for the civil expenses for 1842.

Mr. Evans, Chairman of the Committee of Finance, moved that the bill have the first and second readings at this time.

The motion having been granted, Mr. Evans, as a further indulgence, asked that the bill be considered at the present time. It was understood from the officers of the bill that there was an immediate necessity for passing the bill.

Mr. King, of Ala. objected to the motion. He reasons were, that it had long been the practice of the body to make appropriations for members of Congress and those in the service of Congress, to the neglect of all other employed in the service of Government at the Departments. He objected to the consideration of the bill at this time, wished it to be referred to the Committee on Finance, and there considered and amended so as to reduce or strike out appropriations for the Clerks. It was not right that the bill for their salaries should be postponed to a later period in the session of Congress, when the effect was to subject them, as had often been the case, to the imposition of brokers and others who shaved them of a share of their small pittance.

In reply, Mr. Evans said that his motion for reference could not be considered unless it was the unanimous vote of the Senate. The bill before the Senate originated in the House, and the Senate was not at fault, therefore, for its introduction. It had been considered, however, by the Finance Committee of the Senate in advance of its introduction here, and its passage was recommended because the contingent fund was exhausted, and debts were to be paid for printing, fuel, &c. which had been contracted more than a year since. The very evil, therefore, complained of by the Senator, already existed, and the bill would save many from being shaved by brokers. The bill was then referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Buchanan of Louis., introduced a bill providing for the payment of certain expenses of Volunteer Militia rendered into the service of the General Government and employed in the Florida war. The bill was twice read, and referred to the Committee on Military affairs.

Mr. Linn introduced the bill to authorize increases for the settlement of the territory, extending laws of the U. S. over the territory of Oregon, and for other purposes. Read twice and referred to a Select Committee.

Mr. Smith of Indiana introduced a bill which was read twice and referred to the Committee of Roads and Canals, for confirming to the State of Indiana the title to certain lands purchased from the Miami Indians.

Mr. Preston moved a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate to the Senate, with as little delay as practicable, the plan of a fiscal agent alluded to in the message of the President of the United States. Mr. Preston moved the adoption of the resolution at this time, and no objection being made it was adopted.

Mr. Evans moved that so much of the President's message as related to the currency be referred to the Committee of Finance. Mr. E. remarked that his motion did not embrace what is said of the fiscal plan for a currency, and if any one moved a reference of that part to a select committee, he should not object to the motion. No one, however, moved upon the subject, and the motion, as submitted by Mr. Evans, was carried.

The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Woodbury was then adopted, soon after which, and without the consideration of other public business, the Senate adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE.—Mr. Thompson gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill for the continuation of the Cumberland Road.

Several hundred petitions were then presented and referred. Among them several from the Western States, asking for various harbors in their waters. The delegate from Iowa presented a large number of petitions for various objects.

Mr. Fillmore offered resolutions referring the various subjects in the President's message to the committees recently appointed.

After the reference of several subjects without debate, the resolution proposing the reference of the tariff subject to the Committee on Manufacturing next came up, when

Mr. Atherton moved to strike out "Manufactures," and insert "Ways and Means.

A warm debate arose, which lasted several hours.

Mr. Atherton and his party argued that as all bills relating to revenue emanated from the Committee of Ways and Means, this portion of the message ought to go to that committee.

Messrs. Fillmore, Briggs, and many others argued that as laying a tariff for revenue, Congress was bound to exercise a discriminating power for the protection of the manufacturing interest. Hence the proposed reference to the committee on manufactures was the proper one.

Mr. Foster ridiculed the idea if Congress having any power on the subject of protection.

Mr. Merriweather and others followed on the same side.

At 3 o'clock the House adjourned without taking any question.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 17, 1841.

The Senate having yesterday adjourned to Monday, did not sit to-day.

HOUSE.—Mr. Fillmore wished to be informed whether the consideration of the resolution in relation to the President's message, offered yesterday, would not be resumed as the first business in order?

The Speaker decided that it was.

Mr. Wise could not agree with the decision. He thought private bills ought to be considered on the last two days of the week.

After some debate of a desultory character, the House determined to resume the consideration of the motion to refer that part of the President's message which relates to the Tariff.

The resolution before the House proposed the reference of the Tariff subject to the Committee on Manufactures.

The question pending was on the amendment of Mr. Atherton, asking its reference to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Jones of Va, being entitled to the floor, made a forcible speech in favor of the amendment. He contended that the Committee on Ways and Means was appointed with a view to the consideration of all subjects relating to the raising of revenue. He next argued that the President in his message recommended the tariff solely as a matter of revenue. Indeed, said he, the whole course of the public life of the President would at once contradict the idea that he could have any reference to a tariff for protection.

Mr. Hunt hoped all parties would come up to this subject as brethren, and protect the free and slave labor of the United States from the orders in council and restrictions of other countries. He denied that the people of the North desired to press the tariff question beyond proper bounds. The manufactures of the North desired to be protected in common with other interests, and they wanted nothing more.

Mr. Randolph of New Jersey was glad this debate had sprung up. He thought the manufacturers of the North had been asleep, and that this would awaken them to a sense of their danger. He mentioned that the message of the President contained nothing adverse to the doctrine of a discriminating tariff.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, in a speech of great power, contended that the very name of the Committee on Manufactures was of itself a sufficient reason why this subject should be referred to it. In reply to the remarks of Mr. Jones, he argued that the President, in his message, had thrown upon the House the task of reconciling an increase of the tariff with discriminating duties. Taking the President as his own exponent, thus he thought was palpable.

Mr. Stanley followed, more particularly, however, in reply to the remarks of Mr. Irwin, of yesterday.

Mr. Irwin begged to explain, but made the matter worse.

Mr. Stanley resumed, and replied to Mr. Jones, after which

Mr. Slade took the floor, and then the House adjourned to Monday.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 20, 1841.

SENATE.—After the reading of the Journal, the regular business of the session commenced with the appointment of the Standing Committee upon the subject of the Printing. The chair announced the names of Messrs. Mangum, of N. C. Merrick of Md. and Young of Ill.

Several memorials were presented, asking for the repeal of the Bankrupt law.

Mr. Smith, of Ind. introduced a resolution instructing the Committee of Finance to make an appropriation for the purpose of carrying into effect a treaty with the Miami Indians.

Mr. Evans, from the Committee on Finance, reported the bill, which has been before the House, making provision in part for the Civil Expenses of Government. The Senate were asked to consider it this time, and upon the motion a debate sprung up which continued for some thirty minutes.

Mr. King, of Ala. objected to the consideration, and pressed its postponement, reiterating the reasons given a day or two since why the Bill should not pass, unless so amended as to include an appropriation for the Clerks of the Departments. If the Senate Finance Committee declined to carry out this measure of justice, Mr. King said he wished to attend to it himself, by having the Bill postponed until he could propose an amendment which would remedy the evil.

Mr. Evans answered the objections by stating that the Bill before the Senate was to pay debts already contracted, and some which had been a long time contracted. They were not to pay the expenses of the Extra Session, as had now and the other day been intimated. The Contingent Fund Bill was short of what it should be by the sum of $150,000. Printing had been done by the last Congress to the amount of $50,000, which was not paid for. The Senate owed Blair & Rives $27,000, and as much more was due by the House for similar services. Other debts were due which it was also proposed to pay by the passage of this Bill.

Mr. King replied that unless the Bill to pay the Clerks passed now, it would not pass until late in the session.

The answer of Mr. Evans to this remark was that the money proposed to be appropriated in the Bill was already due, and no salaries were due to the Clerks not would he until the first of February next. It would take many days to prepare a Bill for the salaries of the officers of the Government. Pass this Bill and the Committee of Finance propose to remedy existing evils by holding a conference with the House Committee on Ways and Means, who might introduce a Bill to pay the salaries as soon as they fell due.

The discussion was very briefly continued by Messrs. King, Evans, Woodbury and Tappan. The latter proposed to lay the Bill on the table, with a view of postponing action upon it for the present. The Senate by a large majority, refused the motion, and the question returning upon the passage of the Bill, it was ordered by an unanimous vote.

Other business of a private nature occupied the time of the Senate for an hour, but no business was done of a public nature, except notice of the introduction of a Bill by Mr. Linn, of Mo.

The session was closed with executive business.

HOUSE.—Mr. Snyder, of Penn. asked leave to submit a resolution appointing an additional Standing Committee of the House, whose duty it shall be to superintend the Public Printing.

Objection being made from various quarters,

Mr. Snyder said that the resolution was, in his opinion, of much importance, he would move a suspension of the rules.

A division on this motion being had, it was negatived.

Mr. Adams then made an ineffectual effort to suspend the rules for the purpose of receiving resolutions from the States in their order.

After a dry debate on points of order, the consideration of the various subjects referred to in the President's Message was announced as the first business in order.

The question before the House was the amendment of Mr. Atherton, proposing the reference of so much of the Message as relates to the tariff to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Slade being entitled to the floor, spoke at great length against the amendment, and in favor of a reference to the Committee on Manufactures. He occupied some hours in reading quotations from British statesmen and others, showing the importance of affording protection to the manufacturing interest.

Mr. Sollers next obtained the floor, but at the suggestion of his friends, he waived his remarks until to-morrow.

The Speaker presented to the House the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the Finances.

It was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means and ten thousand extra copies ordered to be printed.

The House then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 21, 1841.

SENATE.—The Vice President laid before the Senate two memorials in relation to the Abolition of Slavery.

The motion to receive were laid upon the table.

Mr. Prentiss of Vermont, presented a similar memorial, and two of the same character were presented by Mr. Buchanan. The motions to receive were in both cases laid upon the table.

Mr. Mangum of N. C., from the Committee on Printing, made a report in favor of printing certain papers referred to them and adversely to the printing of other papers. The report was accepted.

The Senate ordered 1,500 copies of the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury to be printed.

Mr. Linn of Mo., agreeably to notice given yesterday, brought in his bill to repeal the Distribution Bill, and to appropriate the proceeds from the sales of the public domain to the defence of the country. The bill being introduced to the attention of the Senate, a question arose as to the proper reference.

The mover expressed himself adverse to the reference to the Committee on Public Lands, for the reason that that Committee were unfavorable to the Repeal.

Mr. Smith, of Ind. Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, avowed his mind as unchanged. He could not speak for the Committee, but speaking for himself, unless otherwise instructed, he should report adversely to repeal.

The motion to commit to the Committee on Public Lands was, therefore, not put. The next motion of the Senator from Missouri was to refer to the Committee on Military Affairs, but this was withdrawn at the suggestion of Mr. Calhoun, who was in favor of its reference to a Select Committee.

The motion was subsequently put, and rejected by yeas and nays, 24 to 17.

A long debate, however, succeeded this vote, continuing three hours, and in which several Senators took part, including Messrs. Mangum, Preston, Calhoun, Linn, Rives, Archer, King, Barrow, Buchanan, Pierce, and others. The discussion embraced a great variety of topics of finance—of peace and of war—public opinion, &c.

The opposition Senators took ground adverse to the Bill, because they said it had been condemned by the public judgment, and because the money was demanded to relieve the Treasury. The Administration Senators drew no such inference from the public voice, and believed that the condition of the Treasury would not warrant an application of the sales from the proceeds of the Public Domain to the defences of the country.

The motion to refer to a Select Committee was followed by a motion to commit the Bill, and this was voted down, 25 to 18.

This motion being disposed of, the Bill before the Senate was made the special order for this day three weeks.

The President of the Senate then signed the enrolled bill for the Civil Expenses.

The report detailing the plan for a Fiscal Agent, from the Secretary of the Treasury, was then laid before the Senate and ordered to be printed. The Senate soon after adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Briggs asked leave to offer a resolution proposing to degrade Members of Congress of the franking privilege, and to establish a more suitable rate of postage for letters and newspapers.

Objection being made, the resolution was not entertained.

The consideration of the unfinished business of yesterday was then resumed.

The question pending was on the amendment of Mr. Atherton, proposing the reference of so much of the Message as relates to the Tariff to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Sollers, of Md. being entitled to the floor, spoke at some length against the amendment, and in favor of a reference to the Committee on Manufactures.

In the course of his remarks he alluded with much warmth to the enormous duties exacted by England upon our Tobacco. He said our refusal to place restrictions on the exports of England in return, was an act of injustice to the people, and a disgrace to our government.

Mr. Linn, of N. Y. denounced the idea of attempting to draw a geographical line on the subject. Such a distinction was calculated to injure the interests of both North and South. He hoped gentlemen of both parties would narrow down the debate to its proper compass, and adopt a middle course before desperate remedies should become necessary.

Mr. Rayner was willing to have a Tariff sufficient for the wants of government; but he would not see the interests of domestic manufactures advanced at the sacrifice of other and greater interests. And if the advocates of the manufacturing interest chose to press matters to that extent, they might be assured that the attempt would be resisted to the utmost.

After giving his views at some length on the Tariff subject, Mr. R. argued that the proper reference was to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Butler, of S. C. defended his state from the attacks made upon it in the course of debate, and declared that the South had no enmity to the manufacturers. All the South wanted was that the interests of the North should not be advanced at her expense.

After Mr. B. had concluded, the House adjourned.

REPORT OF THE
Secretary of the Navy.

This report fills seven or eight of the broad columns of the Intelligencer. The substance of the document has been ably condensed, however, by the Inquirer of this city; and we avail ourselves of the abstract in order to furnish our readers without delay with views of the Secretary. The report says that the Navy of the United States is composed of—

Eleven ships of the line; of which one is rated for 120 guns, and ten for 74 guns.

Fifteen frigates of the first class; of which one is rated for 54 guns, and fourteen for 44 guns.

Two frigates of the second class, of 36 guns each.

Eighteen sloops of war, of which seven are rated for 20 guns, two for 18 guns, and five for 16 guns.

Two brigs and four schooners, rated for 10 guns each.

Four steamers; besides

Three store ships, three vessels used as receiving vessels, and five small schooners.

The Secretary then gives the disposition of this force at the date of the last annual report from the navy department, and speaks in commendatory terms of our naval commanders and officers generally.

The Secretary states that "the exploring squadron, under the command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, consists of the sloop of war Vincennes, commanded by that officer; the Peacock, Lieutenant Hudson; the brig Porpoise, Lieutenant Ringgold; and the schooner Flying Fish, as a tender to the squadron.

"Intelligence down to the 6th of April, 1841, has been communicated in previous reports from this Department. At that time the squadron was in New Zealand. In further prosecution of his cruise Lieutenant Wilkes visited the Fejee Islands, and succeeded in establishing useful regulations of trade and intercourse with some of the principal chiefs."

The Secretary recommends an increase of the vessels employed in suppressing the slave trade on the Coast of Africa—the revision of the laws and regulations of the service—the reorganization of the Navy Department by increasing the number of clerks and in other ways, and the rapid increase of the Navy as fast as its means will admit.

It is estimated that the capital employed in the whale fisheries in the Pacific amounts to nearly forty millions of dollars, of which the greater part is American. American merchants have formed establishments in different parts of the coast from Chili to Columbia River, some of them very extensive and important, and all of them worthy the attention of government. In Upper California, one American citizen has acquired by fair industry and honest dealing, a large estate, and has settled hundreds of Mexicans. To protect these interests, and to fully explore the Gulf of California, the Secretary recommends that the naval force on that station be augmented to double its present strength. He also recommends the establishment on the Pacific Coast, of a post to which our vessels may repair for supplies, &c. as also a naval depot at the Sandwich Islands.

The report then states the several points where the navy is at present stationed. The steamships Missouri and Mississippi, built under the act of 3d of March, 1839, the former at New York, and the latter at Philadelphia, are nearly ready for service, and will form a part of the home squadron.

Orders have been given for the construction of three steamers of medium size, under the act of 3d March, 1841, one at New York, one at Philadelphia, and one at Norfolk. In addition to these, Captain R. F. Stockton is superintending the construction, at Philadelphia, of a steamer of 600 tons, to be propelled by Ericsson's propeller; and Lieut. W. W. Hunter is engaged in like manner at Norfolk with one of 300 tons, to be propelled by submerged water wheels invented by himself. Very valuable results are anticipated from these experiments.

Orders have been given to build a first-class sloop and three small vessels of war, and to finish the frigates Cumberland, Savannah, Raritan, and St. Lawrence.

The amount of the navy pension fund is stated at $217,807 53, and is gradually increasing. The Secretary deems to have these surpluses invested as they accrue in some interest-bearing fund. The condition of the other funds is also stated.

The operation of the apprentice system continues to be highly encouraging, and an extension of the plan is contemplated. The present number of apprentices is about 1000.

The report says that great difficulty is experienced in the enlistment of seamen. Experiments in gunnery and projectiles have been made, and improvements have been adopted, in a short time, with some of the various descriptions used in the service, including Paixhan guns. Measures have also been taken to build a steamer on Lake Erie.

The Secretary complains in the inefficiency of the measures taken to preserve live oak and cedar timber, and of depredations on taking timber from the public lands without authority. He thinks that the agencies now authorized will not answer the purpose, and recommends that a small military force be stationed for the protection of the timber.

"That *reform* is necessary," says the report, "in every part of our naval establishment, is on all hands admitted. "The first step," it continues, "ought to be the preparation of a full code of laws for the government and regulation of the naval service." The report then quotes and comments on the various laws of Congress in relation to the government of the navy. The Secretary refers to a report made by a board of naval officers in 1833, and asks that it may be submitted to Congress—but says that he cannot recommend the approval of the rules and regulations contained in it. He suggests that the revision of rules and regulations for the government of all classes and grades in the navy, ought not to be entrusted to any one of them exclusively. A naval commission, embracing the civil as well as the military departments of service, would, it is believed, be best qualified to adapt to every part of the service, the proper laws and rules for the government and regulation of it. Such a commission might, with the aid of the rules now submitted, easily report to Congress in time for its action during the present session."

A reorganization of the Navy Department is deemed indispensable by the Secretary, and refers Congress to an elaborate report upon the subject heretofore made by Mr. Paulding, and to the proposed such amendments as may deem expedient. The early attention of Congress is invoked to this subject.

The Secretary believes it to be the settled policy of the government to increase the Marine Corps, as the service will permit, and gives his views upon this subject at large. He suggests that it would be impolitic to engage extensively in the construction of steam ships of war of the largest class at this time; and thinks it preferable to imitate the example of England by giving aid to the private enterprise of our citizens in constructing packet ships, to ply between this country and foreign ports. He recommends that an iron steam ship of medium size be built, to test the utility of vessels built of that material. He discourages no increase of our present force of battle ships, and prefers an addition to our frigates of the largest class. He urges the propriety of establishing higher grades in the navy, as recommended by former Secretaries, and assigns his reasons for desiring this change.

A large increase in the Marine Corps is recommended, as also an amendment of the laws and regulations for the government of that corps; for which purpose a new code has already been prepared by a board of officers.

The Secretary recommends the establishing of Naval Schools, the use of steam vessels rendering necessary a different order of scientific knowledge from that which has heretofore been required. He advises in connexion with this subject, that a certain rank or position be assigned to professors of mathematics, and that permanent provision be made for them.

The estimates for the existing year are much larger than they have heretofore been, as a considerable increase in the navy is proposed, and it is contemplated to keep the officers in active employment.

The Secretary calls attention to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and suggests serious improvements to promote convenience and security. A small appropriation is asked to enclose the grounds attached to the navy hospital at Norfolk—and also to provide a suitable depot for the plates and nautical instruments belonging to the navy. It is likewise stated that additional marine barracks are required.

The Secretary closes his elaborate and able report, by expressing the determination to practice a prudent economy in all things—but he condemns the saying that would expose the country, in a defenceless condition, to hostile attacks. "The public safety," he adds, "ought to calculate the cost of measures necessary for the support of the honor and glory of our country, will never it is hoped, display itself in this department." We hope that such a spirit will never be exhibited by any department of our government.

The Postmaster General's Report.

The Intelligencer contains the Report of Hon. C. A. Wickliffe, Postmaster General. It is quite brief, filling only two columns of that paper. In excuse for a lack of details, the Postmaster General urges the short time he has been in office.

The financial condition of the Department is not as prosperous as the demands upon it require. The facilities of business, the increased facilities for the transmission of letters by private conveyance, the great extension and abuse of the franking privilege, the recent establishment of private expresses upon the mail lands, and the frauds practised upon the Department are mentioned as the prominent causes of the embarrassments under which it labors. Its financial condition is thus stated:

"The total gross revenue of the Post Office for the fiscal year commencing on the 1st of July, 1840, and terminating on the 30th June, 1841, was $4,979,211 78, the total expenditure for the same time was $4,967,238 39. In this year the expenditures exceeded the revenue by the sum of $187,926 61. A statement of the expenditures, more in detail, will in due time, as required by law, be reported to Congress.

"The precise income and expenditure of the General Post Office cannot be known in any year, until the close of the fiscal year, and the settlements of all accounts have been completed. Consequently, any statement of expenditure and income, for the present year, is liable to the fluctuations and changes always incident to the peculiar character of the service.

"The expenditures and income of the Department for the current year may, upon estimate, be stated in round numbers as follows:

Total amount of revenue derived from postages, fines, and all other resources.	$4,380,000
Expense of mail transportation.	$3,145,000
Commission to postmasters, if the rates of per centage remain unchanged.	1,016,000
Ship, steamboat, and way letters.	70,000
Incidental expenses, including blanks, stationery, printing, &c.	310,000
Total estimated income.	4,490,000
	4,280,000
Total deficiency.	$110,000

"The Postmaster states that he has enjoyed the most rigid economy in the administration of the service, and yet he is satisfied the expenditure cannot be reduced within the income. Under the circumstances, he has thought it necessary to re adjust the commissions allowed to Deputy Postmasters, by which about $100,000 will be added to the revenue of the Department. Should Congress not approve of this step, it can be prevented by reducing the speed of mail service before it goes into effect. Rigid inquiries have been instituted, not only into the capacity of the Deputy Postmasters, but also into the solvency of their securities.

Mr. Wickliffe does not recommend a reduction of postage on letters, but a modification of its rates, so that it shall conform to the smaller U. States coin, and a revision of the laws regulating newspaper postage. He especially urges attention to the mammoth periodicals, which increase the weight of the mails and the expenses of transportation, without adding to the revenue.

He invites the legislature of Congress to regulate the establishment of private expresses. The exclusive right to post-roads for post purposes he thinks should be held by the Government.

The United States Mail was transported on railroads and steamboats 3,946,450 miles at the cost of $585,843; on horse and in stages, 12,088,862 miles at a cost of $781,866; in stages and coaches, 18,961,219 miles, at the cost of $1,191,635—making a total aggregate of annual transportation of 34,996,525 miles, at the rate of cost of $3,159,375.

The part of the Report relating to the transportation of the Mails upon railroads we have already published.

Embarrassments in the free transit of the mail over the Cumberland road in Virginia have been experienced, incidental to a right assumed by the State to impose a tax on each coach transporting the mail.

General News.

A DARING ROBBERY.—We learn by a slip from the office of the St. Louis New Era, dated Tuesday evening, Dec. 7th, that the Clerk's office of the steamboat Patrick Henry was broken open on Sunday night last—the boat being on her passage from Cincinnati to St. Louis—and robbed of two packages containing $14900 in notes of the Miami Exporting Co. forwarded by Mr. W. S. Sugg, son of this city, to Mr. Harrison of Alton. Forty dollars belonging to the boat was also taken. No traces of the money has been discovered.

A DREADFUL FIGHT.—At Eaton, Ohio, on the 1st inst. a boy 13 years old, the son of M. Church, in returning from church was attacked by a dog, and the conflict continued some twenty minutes, in which the boy was dreadfully lacerated. The cousins near by, were afraid to rescue the boy, because, it is said, they were under the impression that the dog was *rabid*; finally, one man ventured upon the dog and killed him with a club, being, as the "Register" says, unable to withstand the heartrending cry of the youth of "help," "for God's sake, help."

GREAT ROBBERY.—One of the lodgers at the Merchant's Hotel, was robbed on Saturday, the 11th instant, of 442 Spanish doubloons, and a gold watch. He arrived in this city early in the month, and, in making inquiries about investing his money, was probably overheard by some rogue, who plundered his trunks in his absence. He is a Frenchman and is a stranger amongst us. Some one has most egregiously "taken him in."

LOSS OF THE STEAMBOAT BELLE.—The steamboat Belle, from New York, bound to New Haven, Ct. was driven ashore during the severe storm on Thursday night. The passengers were landed in safety, and returned to New York in the American Eagle, which was dispatched to their relief. The Belle is owned by Captain Peck and some citizens of New York, and was purchased last spring for $50,000, and, it is said, she is not insured.

A MAN FROZEN TO DEATH.—A laborer on the Reading railroad named Sweetman, was found frozen to death in the Commons near Second street Road on the morning of Sunday morning. Alderman Potts, of the Northern Liberties, was sent for, and an inquest held on the body. Verdict of the jury—"Death from intemperance and exposure."

THE SLAVE TRADE.—It is said that Don Pedro Blanco, the great slave dealer on the African Coast, has been in New York, and also in this city and Baltimore, within the past month, and has been instrumental in having a vessel purchased in New York, fitted out and loaded with a cargo for Africa, suitable for the slave trade.

IN DANGER.—The splendid packet ship Sheridan, Captain Depeyster, from Liverpool, with passengers, struck on the Jersey shore, a few miles south of the Navesink, last Friday night, during the severe gale and snow storm. She was, however, got off, after forty tons of tin and zinc had been thrown overboard.

A DWARF.—The Worcester (Mass.) Spy says, the "greatest" curiosity in the world is now exhibiting in this city. It is the person of Charles Sullivan, a dwarf and decidedly the smallest man in creation. He is in his 17th year, weighs but 23 pounds, and is only 36 inches in height!

HORSE THIEVES.—Eleven colored persons have been committed to the Baltimore City Jail, having in their possession a gentleman in Baltimore county. They were demanded by the Governor of Virginia from the authorities of Pennsylvania, and were delivered up as fugitives from justice.

NAVIGATION OF THE WISCONSIN.—The steamboat N. P. Hanks ascended the Wisconsin River in the early part of November, and landed a company of United States troops at Fort Winnebago, being the first boat that has ever been so high up during the season of low water.

HARNDEN'S LINE.—We learn from the Boston Post, that Nathaniel Greene, late Postmaster of Boston, has entered into copartnership with the Messrs. Harnden & Co. and will have charge of their Express Line, under the management of the European branch of the concern.

HONOR WORTHILY CONFERRED.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of South Carolina, the Degree of L. L. D. was unanimously conferred upon William Gilmore Simms, the distinguished author of the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*.

DELUGE.—There has been a great freshet in the Chattahoochee River. The Apalachicola Journal of the 27th ult. states that it had risen *sixty feet* at last accounts and was still rising. It must by this time have swollen into a considerable ocean.

CATHOLIC PAPER.—The New York Tribune says that a new daily paper will shortly be published in that city under the patronage of the Catholics, and edited by one who has been prominent in the support of their School claim.

INCREASE OF THE JEWS.—In the United States it is estimated that there are 52,000 of the descendants of Abraham. They have 59 synagogues. In 1805 there were but 5 synagogues and about 1000 Jews.

A DEPREDATOR.—AIRE, Lorain, ohio, heretofore, they have imported wheat and flour, they have sent forward to New Orleans, this season, 80,000 bushels of wheat, and 110,000 bbls of flour—valued at $160,000.

CHURCH RATES.—It was sometime since stated in the British House of Commons, that of £600,000, the Church Rates of a single year, £570,000 were paid by Churchmen, and £30,000 by Dissenters.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A HORSE.—The Southwestern part of Alabama, about two weeks since, Houses, fences, and barns were swept away, and a great number of cattle killed.

PRODIGIOUS.—Miss Rapp, of Economy, Beaver county, Pa., has received a premium of $600 for the silk she has produced, having raised this season 5,000 pounds of cocoons.

INCENDIARIES.—Four attempts were made to fire the large dwelling house, belonging to William A. Howard, Esq. in Providence, R. I. on Wednesday night week.

STEAM CARRIAGES IN FRANCE.—The French Government has made extensive arrangements to construct railroads from every part of the kingdom to Paris.

HOW MUCH FREE MANUFACTURE.—The amount of leather yearly manufactured in New England is valued at five millions of dollars.

A COOL BUSINESS.—The amount of ice yearly consumed in Paris, is about sixteen million English pounds.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef steak, per lb	8a10	Indian Meal, ½ peck.	8a10
mutton, do	7	Rye Flour, cwt.	$4a$4 50
Veal, do	5a7	Wheat, do	$1a$1 25
Mutton, do	3a8	Buckwheat, do	50a75
Pork, fresh, per lb	5a7	Butter, lb	25a31
pickled, do	6a8	Lard, do	16a18
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½	Sausage, qt.	5a6
Jowls, do	4a6	Eggs, per doz.	12½
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Apples, ½ pk	10a12½
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Potatoes, bu.	5a7
Pigs whole,	50a62½	Sweet Potatoes, lb	3
Pigs Feet, set.	12a12½	Parsnips, qt. peck.	3a4
Sheep Tongues, doz.	12a25	Pickles, per 100.	31a37½
French Tripe, per lb.	3a4	Beets, bunch.	3a5
Sausages, stuffed, lb	7a8	Carrots, bunch.	3a5
Jersey,	5a10	Turnips, qt. peck	3a4
Blood Pudding	5a7	Onions, rope.	5a6
Sausage Cheese, lb	8a9	Dried Peaches, ½ pk	25a31
Scrapple, per lb	5a6	Apples, ½ pk	25a31
Fowls, pair.	37½a50	Sand Peas,	7a8
Chickens, pair.	37½a50	Watermelon, root.	2a3
Turkeys,	75a$1	Honeys, quart.	8a10
Pigeons, pair.	12a25	Honey, per lb	12a25
Ducks, pair.	50a75	Bread, lb. loaf.	6a8
Geese,	50a75	Rhubarb, bunch.	4a5
Guinea Fowls, pair.	37½a50	Celery, do	3a4
Hares,	12a15	Pears,	37½a31
Opossums,	25a30	Hogs, killed, 100 lbs	$4a$5
Salmon, packed, lb	11a14	Dried Cherries, qt.	5
fresh,	20a25	Cranberries, qt.	5a8
shad, do	25a33	Chestnuts, per qt.	10a12
Pickled Cod,	4a5	Chinquapins, "	10a12½
Fresh, do	5a6	Walnuts, "	5a6
Haddock,	5a9	Shellbarks, per qt.	5a6
Perch, string.	12a31½	Hazelnuts,	5a10
Rock, lb.	12½37½	Balsam, each.	3a4
Lobsters, live, lb	8a10	Oysters, Bay, 100	50a56
Terrapins, doz.	$9a$7	Tangiers,	50a75

There is nothing peculiar in the markets the present week. There is a large amount of Poultry and Game at, both wild and domestic, which is afforded at reasonable rates. There is also an abundance of seasonable Vegetables.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

BARK.—Sales of about 150 hhds Quercitron 1st quality, at $32 per ton—shows a decline of $2.50 on previous sales.

COFFEE.—The market has become decidedly quiet and inactive.

COTTON.—Sales to a fair extent, at about last week's prices, including 100 bales good Louisiana at 11½11½ cts per lb.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There have been several sales of Flour for export at $6.12½ per bbl. since our weekly report. This price is freely offered on Tuesday, but supply all the factors hold at higher prices, though not of the prices offered to sell at that price. A sale of scraped, at $5.87½. The supplies by the canals have ceased for the season, and most of the late receipts are limited above the present rates. Rye Flour nominal at $4.37½. Corn Meal—Sales at $2.94a2.87½ per bbl, closing at $2.87½.

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat have been quite trifling, and prices have rallied since the advance in Flour. A sale of prime Illinois red at $1.35 per bushel; a lot of fine South. ern sold at $1.30 in store. Rye is wanted. Sales of South. ern at 78 to 77 cts. Corn—Supplies limited, as is also the demand, and prices have declined for old crop. Sales of old yellow at 57, and white at 54a55 cts, new yellow 53a 56, and white 50 cts. No sales of Penna. Corn and Oats. Last sale was at 31 cts.

PROVISIONS.—The sales have been only in small parcels at about previous quotations, from Beef, Pork, Bacon and Lard.

SUGAR.—Touched a dull at steady prices. Cheaters have declined. A sale of prime new Souls at 5½ ct and since one 6½ per bushel.

SEEDS.—About 125 barrels brown St. Tago at 7 cts per lb. on time, in the principal transaction.

WHISKEY.—Nearly all the Whiskey on hide in the market has been taken at 21 cts per gallon. Hhds remain as last noted.—*North American.*

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Country Girls.

I love the country sponsor,
Who turns the humming wheel,
Who plies with busy hands, the reel,
With merry hum the reel.

I love the country maiden,
Who makes the household gear,
And who, with industry and care,
Prepares the homespun wear.

I love the country milkmaid,
Whose daily task supplies
A wholesome food and beverage
For country families.

Her neat and simple dairy,
Her industry, I love,
And when night finds her weary,
In innocence she rests.

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE FORTIFICATION OF PARIS.—"Let Paris rise in insurrection," said Napoleon, "and I am here fortified, with my left on the Champs Elysees, my right on the Military School, commanding the passage of the river, an open space between me and Paris; my rear covered by St. Cloud behind me; my artillery depot can be moved from Vincennes to Meudon, and the Parisians will no longer be able to stir." "Here," exclaimed one of those present, "you talk of fortifying the capital against its own inhabitants, not against an enemy." "Fortify Paris against an enemy!" exclaimed Napoleon. "I never thought of such a thing! A capital with a population of a million cannot be fortified; first, because it could not be fed; secondly, because all the rich and sober classes would quit, and leave none but the turbulent behind. A siege in such a case would create a permanent sedition."

GEMS.—A prisoner who had unexpectedly been acquitted of the charge for which he was arraigned, upon being informed that he was at liberty to go, turned to the Jury, and with much feeling observed: "Gentlemen of the Jury: I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the decision just rendered, you will be ever remembered in my *prayers*; to you, worthy and, I must say, *cute friend*, (addressing himself to his counsel,) I wish it was in my power to double your fee; the feeling I entertain for you cannot be expressed by *words*, you are, indeed the criminal's benefactor: to your honor, (addressing the Judge, who could scarcely suppress a smile,) I am everlastingly indebted; but all I can say to you is, I pounce you, upon my *honor*, now that I am free, that I will never be guilty of *stealing* again as long as I live."

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.—Soon after, the close of the war, a boy was offering some caged birds, for sale in a market town, when a sailor came up and inquired the price of them. "Sixpence a-piece," replied the boy. "I did not ask how much a-piece, but how much for the lot?" The boy after some calculation answered "six shillings and sixpence." The sailor instantly handed him the money and opening the cage door permitted the birds to escape. The boy astonished cried out, "What are you doing? you will lose your birds." "Very well," said the sailor, "I have been shut up three years as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing confined in prison that I can make free."

A GOOD THOUGHT.—Man is but a reed, and is a true representation of the weakness of nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him, a breath of air, a drop of water will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him; because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows anything of the advantage which it obtains over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. From thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavor, then, to think well: this is the principle of morals.—*Pascal.*

Mary.

In thy name MARY, meaning fair!
Such should, and such thou art, sweet lie.
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Is but imitating thee.
And she, in whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

A TOUCH OF THE PATHETIC.—An exchange paper notices an orator's farewell speech as follows: "A deep silence awaited his address, but his emotions would not permit a calm utterance, and his lips were first parted by a *deep sob*. Like an electric shock *it was acknowledged by the entire assembly*, and the suppressed murmur, the hurried ejaculation, and the swelling heat, told how sincerely all hearts accorded under the touch of sympathy."

CLOSE SHAVING.—A justice of peace was called on for the payment of a bill of 75 cents. Instead of presenting the bill, the squire asked him if he would swear to the account. The man replied "yes." The squire swore him, and handed him fifty cents. "Stop squire," said the man, "I ought to have taken in the amount; 'tis 75 cents." "I know," returned the squire, "But I can't swear you for nothing."

PARTICULARLY COOL.—The following leading article, in a paper published in the northern part of New Hampshire, is the cousiest announcement that the subscribers of a newspaper have been served with lately, and reasonable as cool:—

"No editorial this week! *Reason*—Jous' *Moral*—Better stick to hay hand labor and get rich, than to spend a shilling in spoiling paper to *treat out*."

NAPOLEON'S BULLETINS.—The following impromptu was published in an English paper about the year 1803, immediately after receiving a packet of bulletins from Napoleon:

"We thank you for your bulletins,
Great Emperor, King, and of all kinds;
And hope you soon may have from us
A *bulletin* your self."

A GOOD STORY is told of Professor Humphrey, of Amherst college. One morning, before recitation, some of the students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned upon his heel and coolly observed: "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore, leave you to your studies."

OLD, BUT GOOD.—A British East India captain being sent to make a survey and report on a group of savage islands, thus dispatched the several heads of religion, manners and customs:—

Religion—apparently none.
Manners—none.
Customs—not fit to be described.

CHANGE OF ANOTHER KIND.—An Irish officer of dragoons on the continent, on hearing that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, there is that mother of mine married again! I know she will not have a son older than me, for if she does I shall be cut out of my estate."

PATHOS.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, giving an account of the Agricultural Meeting held recently in Prince Georges, indulges in the following strain:—"Poor, but noble hearted Burns! peace to thine ashes!—honor to thine memory! *And now let us resort to the cattle show!*"

PRIDE.—Was it our Dr. Franklin who said "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follows it."

BAD COMPANY.—A tutor at Cambridge surprised some of the students in the act of making a bonfire and caught one named White, while the others fled. "Mr. White," said the tutor, "I am sorry to find you in such bad company." "I see no one present but you and I, tutor," replied White.

RETORT OF COLMAN.—George Colman, getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling, sir," said Jarvey. "Then it's all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle. "it's all right, yours is a bad coach."

CONSOLATORY, QUITE.—Those doctors who kill their patients by rules under pretence of saving their lives, remind us of the Spaniard, who, when strangling Don Carlos by order of his father, said, "Calm yourself, Don Carlos, this is all for your good."

NO CHANCE.—"Hallo, Phil, you've got a new hat—where did you get it from?" "Where you couldn't." "How's that?" "Why, I got it from a man who steals it!"

QUERY.—Why is a young lover popping the question, like a tailor running a hot goose over a suit of clothes? We know you'll guess it. Because he is *pressing a suit*.

SHAVING A MONKEY.—A wealthy old miser asked a barber a boy if he had ever shaved a monkey. "No," said the boy, "but if you will take a seat I will try."

CERTAINLY.—Most fat women when the sun rise very early in the morning, and set after he rises, there'll be certain sign of rain sure soon, dat's a fact."

THE FOOL AND ROGUE.—Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

CONVENIENT.—Why is a man up stairs whipping his wife like a gentleman? Because he's above doing a mean act.

Interesting Statistics.

An article in Blackwood for October, on the sound and moral condition of the manufacturing districts of Scotland, is one of great interest to the philanthropist, the statesman, or the mere student of political economy. The details and the discussions are too long for our purpose; but we select the following condensed statement of the results, indicative of most the vast increase of opulence and population, and of the simultaneous advance of the still more rapid growth of crime, heathenism, and pauperism in the great commercial and manufacturing county of Lanark, during the last ten years:—

1. The population during that period has increased 37 per cent, having swelled from 316,000 to 434,000.

2. Manufacturing produce, as measured by the harbor dues levied on the river Clyde, the great seaport of the country, had doubled.

3. A new source of wealth has been opened in the iron mines and manufactures, producing above £1,500,000 a year.

4. The average annual mortality in Glasgow has increased, during the same period, from one death in 41 to one in 31. Contagious fever has become so prevalent that one in every 34 deaths in Glasgow is owing to that fearful disease, or some species of contagious fever.

5. Sixty-eight thousand persons in five years have taken typhus fever, of whom 5684 died.

6. Serious crime, punishable with death or transportation, has increased during only *four years* of that period from 1836 to 1840, above fifty per cent; that is, it has increased four times as fast as the number of the people.

7. The number of poor in the country, for whom there is no sort of provision but the charity of the public, which has grown up to one hundred thousand.

8. The number of Irish in Glasgow, almost all in a state of penury, has swelled to the enormous amount of 45,000.

9. Six thousand persons are constantly in a state of unrelieved destitution, or destitution relieved so imperfectly that those who do obtain parochial relief are kept on the verge of starvation, the receiving only the pittance of three half-pence a day.

10. Above two-thirds of the committed criminals have received the elements of education.

11. The spirit shops in Glasgow sell intoxicating liquors to the people, to the amount at least of £1,100,000 a year.

12. The deposites from the factory operatives in the savings banks are diminishing, while those of all other classes are increasing.

13. Five hundred thousand pounds a year is sent out annually to the most destitute classes, at a rate of interest exceeding 400 pounds per cent. a year.

The writer alludes to the popular doctrine of leaving every man to take care of himself, and infers, from the facts he has presented, that the doctrine is fallacious. There are vital interests, which can never be left with safety to the unaided efforts of individuals. The existence of governments, every where, demonstrates the entire fallacy of the principle of self-direction, as applied to a large share of the social concern of nations. He concludes—

Self-government has been tried on the greatest scale, and under the most favorable circumstances, in Lanarkshire. For more than half a century it has landed that community in a hundred thousand practical heathens within its bounds—in the continual existence of upwards of six thousand unrelieved paupers in a single city—in sixty-eight thousand persons taking typhus fever in five years, being at the rate of nearly fourteen thousand annually—in the advance of serious crime, at a rate four times as fast as the increase of the people—in a diminution of the chances of life to an extent of five and twenty per cent, in ten years—in the lending of 500,000 pounds a year to the poor—in an increase in rate of profit above four hundred per cent, and in the progressive and rapid diminution of the investments of the most highly paid of the working classes, in that period, from the accumulation of eleven hundred thousand pounds worth of ardent spirits in a single city in a year! It is high time that serious efforts should be made to arrest these evils; but it must be done by the power of the State, and by the central government. They are far beyond the reach either of private benevolence or local legislation. The want of the age is a system of government, which, religiously providing for the security of property and the protection of national industry, shall effect a real reformation in the manifold social evils, which, under the system of self-government, have grown up in the State. The men of the age would be the men who, combining on Conservative principles, should apply them to their true and noblest end—the spread of religion, the relief of the suffering, and the elevation of the character of the people.

The Hartz Miners.

Quiet and unobtrusive as the life of these people appears, it is nevertheless a true living life. The aged palsied woman who sat by the stove, over against the large cupboard, has seen and lived there a quarter of a century, and her thoughts and feelings have doubtless grown into every corner of this stove and into every rude carving of this cupboard. And the stove and the cupboard have, for a human being, has infused into them a portion of its own soul.

It was this life of contemplation—of immediate perception—that gave birth to the German Mechanics, the peculiarity of which consists in this, that not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently destitute of all life, speak and act. To the thoughtful and simple people in the quiet, contented place of their birth by cottages on mountain or in forest, the inward life of such objects reveals itself; they acquired an audible and consistent character, a charming mixture of fantastic humor and thoroughly human disposition. And so we see them in the Mechanic Guild, which the Hartz Miners are told in the easy matter-of-course style of daily occurrences, needles and pins come out of the hollow steel and lose themselves in the dark straws and bits of chaff that try to drive back and are cast away; the shovel and the broom stand upon the step and quarrel and fight; the questioned looking-glass shows the face of the prettiest girl, and drops of blood flying in its face threatens fearful words of amazed pity.

From the same cause is our life in childhood so infinitely significant, at that age every thing is of importance to us; we take it very thing, every thing, and all our impressions are vivid; whereas at a later age we do every thing with design, and we lose in depth what we gain in extension of impressions. Now, we see and process up gentlemen and ladies; we frequently change our dwelling, the homesteal daily clears every thing away, and alters at her will the position of the furniture, which has little interest for us, and is a silent note, as it lingo today to John, to-morrow to Peter; our very clothes are strangers; we hardly know from many buttons there are on the coat upon our back; we changed our clothes as the seasons change, so that not one of them remains connected with us, and the outward history—scarcely can we recollect the appearance of that brown waistcoat which once brought so much intricate upon us, and upon whose broad stripes the dear maid of our beloved rested so kindly.

The old woman by the stove, over against the great cupboard, is one of flowered petticoat of faded stuff, the wedding garment of her mother, the great grandson, fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, dressed as a matter, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her petticoat, and she has most likely told him many a great story about their pettecoat, which the boy will not soon forget, which will often float before his fancy when, as a full-grown man, he is at his dark and solitary work under ground, and which he will perhaps tell, when the dear old grandmother has been long dead, and he, a silver-haired, feeble old man, sits in the midst of his grandchildren, near the stove, over against the great cupboard.—*Heinrich Heine.*

The Campagna.

Has vacuum-cooled next hitaleri nisi nunc cuprea lacus Lucrinus.

This fire-vaulted country, which heaves up its thousand mentionies, the congealed waves of the quantified volcano, through which, impregnated with sulphur and bitumen, flows unobtrusive water, and above which the curse of malaria has hovered for ages, with its grand bridges across the Tiber, and its lonely cut-throat arcadias, well accord with Rome and its history. The Campagna, in the last autumn, in our way to that city of inferior shops and inconvenient dwelling-houses which have grown up among her ruins and swamped her antiquities, we thought the country looks not desolate. Surprising change! it now teems with interest, and with materials for many a striking picture; the herbage, then sear and seedy, and to be compared only in monotonous tedium to sow in its full but shortlived maturity of transitory verdure; now could those many flutterers, the larks, drop elsewhere on a coffer laid than is offered them by the stages of living corn on either side of the roadway, such marvels can spring accomplish even in the most unpropitious furrows! The gun of the Roman sportsman popping in the month of May, sounds to our English ear not unseasonably, and disturbs the tranquility of the scene; but, alas! the small bird, whose will notes we love, and whom we had as the harbinger of the year, has other and more formidable foes. Above, in the blue firmament, we discern many a hawk, destined perhaps to hang in the Roman market beside his meditated victim; for of a surety, in the matter of birds, "Omne Roma cuo pretio." Every thing in the Campagna is characteristic of a single pastoral, unless—we meet herds of swine, with bristly hair and long-drawn snout, led on by yellow herdsmen, resembling like the hallowers of some old sacrificial rite, the long apaed pots. Buffaloes, those sedate lumbering representatives of our domestic cattle, are seen here, and huge hungry dogs, some long lowed, others of a rich open-mouthed bloodhound breed, of a single pattern, and, except when disturbed by the sight of a carriage, they retire growling. The very pot boys, as if urged by some unseen spirit of the waste over which they drove, whip and spur as though pursued by furies, till, passing Argo they have notice you entirely beyond the haunts of banditti and the influence of malaria, when the country gradually goes on improving in cultivation and civilization, and Civita Castellana appears, pinnacled on its rocky ledge, where we intend to go to bed with Sonnets in front of our window.

The Fine Arts.

The history of the fine arts expatiates over one of the most delightful regions of human knowledge, interesting as continually by a series of agreeable images, free for the most part from all that is revolting in every other kind of history. That portion of it which regards the early education of artists, directing them by the true path to the desired end, is of the utmost importance to studious youth, and has been the subject of attention from a very remote period. There is a peculiar charm in tracing the formation of some rare genius, who excites wonder and attains celebrity entirely unassisted by an able master. It is to an examination of this phenomenon I address myself, and in the place art exclusively.

Pliny on the authority of Duris tells us of Lysippus, that he became a great artist without having been the pupil of any one, noting, however, that "Ceres held a different opinion. If the passage of the Roman author respecting Lysippus be that known to every one, there must have been some degree of prejudice in Pliny. It purports that Lysippus acknowledged the glory of Polycleto for his master. But it is possible that the single statue of a young man could guide him in the great diversity of character which his numerous productions required!. Beside, may we not suppose the existence of some intermediate artist, unknown to Cicero? It will not be useless therefore to review the few memorials left to us. In the first place, we know of Lysippus that in his boyhood he was employed in the shop of a blacksmith. It is natural therefore to believe, that guided by his inclination he began to exercise his talent in modelling. Uncertain in the choice of an instructor, he desired to take counsel before engaging himself, and thus judge. Eupompus the painter merited this character, being already advanced in age, and having instructed Pamphylus, who at this period was the preceptor of the young Apelles. Eupompus instead of answering, pointed to a crowd of men who were at a distance thus designating that the best model to study is nature Nature in all her endless variety, and not any artist in his own peculiar manner. Whoever follows after another will never get before him, said Michael Angelo. It is therefore clearly forbidden to imitate any one, however celebrated, since we thus give up our birth-right as children of Nature, to become her grand-children only. From masters, however, profiting by their experience, must be learned the means of imitating her by the best and shortest methods.

Shelley's Cenci.

His tragedy of The Cenci has been by many pronounced his master-piece. Leigh Hunt admires it so much, that he contends warmly that its author should have written nothing but dramas. It is founded upon a story of unspeakable guilt and misery, which eventuated in the destruction of the noble Roman house of that name, near the close of the sixteenth century. It is singular that so gentle a spirit should have chosen such a subject; and the only reason, and indeed, excuse for it, is the intense interest in it, which he felt and knew he can see at Rome. Although nearly two centuries and a half have elapsed since these scenes transpired, the rude peasants will kindle at the name of the noble Roman house of that name, and speak of it with enthusiasm. Shelley's servant instantly recognised a portrait in his possession as that of *La Cenci*, and we frequently see copies of these, with the exclusion of the second half of the name, stuck from beneath white drapery, adorning the windows of our transatlantic picture-shops. The whole tale is one from which the mind recoils with instinctive repugnance, and should Leigh Hunt have been made the groundwork of a play. Yet it must be admitted that our author has managed it with inimitable skill, bringing forward all the prominent points with vivid distinctness, and avoiding the most repugnant one with consummate delicacy. The persons are involved throughout in one cloud of unmitigated horror, and the excited reader feels as though he were bewildered among the frightful figures of a feverish dream. The character of Beatrice, nobly as it is conceived, is scarcely a redeeming feature. Innocent, unsuspecting, good as far as any negatively bright spirit is, there is a mixture of unfaltering courage with maiden tenderness, she yet evinces no strength of moral principle, endeavors to expiate one crime by the commission of another, and dies in firm adherence to the principle, "Let the guilty act blindly by the strange, wild current of evil; and error follows error, and crime, crime, until the curtain falls and the reader feels relieved that it is all over." Shelley seems to have regretted that he have expended his powers upon a subject so ill-calculated to display them, and so generally repulsive. This tragedy will, nevertheless, always stand prominent as a production of his genius. That we mingled so little with men in the active walks of life, from youth a solitary dreamer or a philosophic recluse, should ever become so intimately acquainted with the varied play of human passions as he here appears to be, is little short of miraculous, and indicates, if anything does, a true poetic inspiration

To the Dead.

BY BRAINARD.

How many men are dead to me
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who cannot, or who care not, see
That sinking, sinking look which we
Till dead can never forget

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
Our dead is present—far away,
We have no one to weep over the dead
And never hope, or comfort's ray
To his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me,
Though months and years have passed,
In a lone hold his sight to me
Colors that he had worn of old bee
And then his form and face I see
As when I saw him last

And one with a bright lip, and cheek
And eye, is dead to me
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek
He lay as one who had not spoke
Her heart was dead, for it did not break
And his eye, for it did not see

Then for the living to the tomb,
And for the dead the smile;
Engraved oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless hearts, and cold and chill
Dim is such glare—but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile

Ariosto.

Ariosto's life was far more happy than that of any lofty poet, excepting perhaps Dante and Homer, but even contingently appreciated his services and rewarded his real and political talent, unlike Petrarch, his life was gladdened by the devotion of the women and the sweet love, purity, tenderness and affection; and early dissipation did not pollute his mind, and make him, like Boccacio, the victim of unrelenting remorse, seeking peace, and finding it not; which could produce in him the greatest misfortune, but that was incident to the peculiar constitution of his mind, which was like his own poetry, rapid in its changes, open to every impulse, and yielding to every temptation. He, nevertheless, was a man of great and noble mind, and he was beloved of all the poets among his own countrymen. Foreign nations give the crown to Tasso; but Italians themselves place it upon the head of Ariosto.

He well understood the nature of his own mind when he declared the urgent solicitations of Cardinal Bembo, that he would write as Petrarch had done, in the Latin language. He knew that as a votary of the Latin muse he could only rank second; but he aspired to the first rank in Italian composition, in that walk he had none but Dante to compete with; and their minds were so entirely different, that it could scarce be called competition. What Ariosto wished in sublimity, he obtained by the greater sweetness and harmony of his style, and his fidelity to nature in his portraitures. His heroes are human indeed, but violent without rashness, his fortitude is tempered with mercy, and nature itself is adorned, not distorted, by his art.

The plan of the "Orlando Furioso" was suggested to the "Orlando Innamorato," a work written by Marion Bruno, who was Governor of Reggio at the time of Ariosto's birth. It was an unfinished poem in imitation of the Iliad, founded on the loves of Roland and Angelica, with the siege of Paris to represent that of Troy and Brunello being possessed of great pastoral powers, with a strong and lively imagination, it forms a fine introduction to the "Orlando Furioso."

AN OBJECT OF AMBITION.—It may not be in your power to excel many people in riches, honors, or abilities, but you may excel thousands in goodness of heart. Hitherto turn your ambition. It is an object worthy of it.

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is a river of the United States
My 2, 3, 4, is a river in Prussia
My 3, 4, 5, is a river in Russia
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 1, is a division of Africa
My 5, 6, 7, 1, 2, is a city in Africa
My 6, 7, 1, 2, 3, is a city in Russia
My 7, 1, 2, 3, 4, is a city in Prussia
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a river in the United States
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a place much spoken of in Scripture
My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is a town in Mississippi
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 1, is a small town in the south of England
My 5, 6, 7, 1, 2, 3, is a town in New York
My 6, 7, 1, 2, 3, 4, is a town in Italy
My 7, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a small town in Tartary
My whole is the name of a person much distinguished for his bravery in the war of 1812.

Yours &c.

Philadelphia, December 1841. W. S. MILLER

The Acropolis Now.

In the evening I visited the Acropolis. The declining sun was darting its rich golden rays upon the Parthenon. I was seized with a feeling of reverential awe as I reflected that the very height on which I now stood had witnessed the meditations of so many great men, who in the olden day have formed the admiration and instruction of mankind! Socrates, perhaps, had leaned upon this pillar! And now fragmentary remnants of the great epoch of the Greeks have become spectators of the advent of a new and flourishing era.

The Acropolis is now being cleared from the rubbish with which it was encumbered, and during the progress of the work several antiquities have been discovered. The Parthenon has been freed from the modern buildings by which it was surrounded and disfigured; its columns have been raised and restored, and its steps cleansed. The Erectheium has been restored, and the statue carried off by Lord Elgin will be replaced by another, sculptured on the model of those which have been preserved. The temple of Minerva Paloa is also rising from its ruins; it had been destroyed during the last war by the fall of a bomb, and the whole family of the traitor Curas was buried beneath its ruins. The Acropolis is guarded by invalids. A Suliote, with a musket, was ready to engage the guide, and when I was about to return he led me to a projection of the Pelasgian wall, whence he began to explain the magnificent panorama which lay stretched beneath us. "There is our city! Syra town," said he; "Heaven be thanked that I have lived long enough to see it rise again from its ashes. It has not been in vain that my blood has flowed in fighting against the Turks."

A Pillar of Fire.

At Conway the following natural phenomenon is described. The residence was a stone's throw from the sea: conceive my astonishment and surprise on repairing thither to gaze on the opposite beauty of the ocean, when the rising sun, which was just emerging from the bosom of the water, to see the latter, instead of rising in its usual circular form, assume that of a pillar of fire! I positively doubted the evidence of my senses, and I should scarcely hope to be believed but that I find the ancients and Agatharchides in particular, have mentioned the same phenomenon on these coasts, where they observe "the sun rise like a pillar of fire."—Lord Valentia also noticed a similar appearance at Mocha, where he saw it set in like manner. We subsequently saw it assume its elongated, but never again so completely collumnar a figure. We could not but think of the pillar of fire which for forty years gave light to the Israelites in the wilderness. The color of the red sun here was of the most exquisite blue of the Mediterranean. The breakers had a peculiar vivid and lively whiteness, which by contrast added greatly to the beauty of the azure main; but though I could have gazed for hours, it was too dazzling to permit me to do so with impunity.

Confidence.

Whoever would attain to excellence in any thing must repose a generous confidence in himself. He must feel that he is able to do what he takes. He must proceed calmly and with a conscious strength to his task. If he doubts himself, if he feels that he must make an effort, that he must strain he will do nothing but betray his weakness. We Americans, in literary matters, have no self-confidence. There is no repose in our literature. There is ever a straining after effect—a labor to be eloquent, striking, or profound. The proceeds, at great heavy expense, the fact that we have found our model of excellence, not in our minds and hearts, nor in human nature generally, but in the literature of that land from which our forefathers came.

Editorial Extravaganza.

The days are so short in the northern States, that the people are half benighted.

There is a chap up north so confoundedly little, that he can't see himself without a magnifying glass.

There is a Frenchman in Maine so fond of hot dishes that he can swallow nothing but melted lead. He tried boiling brandy and cayenne pepper, but his throat was so frozen up by the experiment that he had to lie in a furnace six weeks before his circulation was restored.

HOOK'S WIT.—Hook being proposed a member of the Phoenix Club, he asked when they met. "On Saturday evenings, to be regretted ashes." Then, said he, "I shall never become a Phoenix, for I can't *rise from the fire*."

Farmers Department.

Sowing Clover Seed.

We are gratified to learn that the sales of clover seed in this city have been greatly increased within three or four years—and we trust they have been so elsewhere—because we are taught to believe from this single fact, that the spirit of agriculture improvement has taken the proper direction. With the aid of horses, plaster and the plough, the fertilizing agents were properly used, we are confident that all the old worn out fields of the old States may be brought up to a state of profitable fertility, and that too in the shortest time, without any fear from deterioration. Where grounds have become so far exhausted as to be inadequate to the production and sustenance of a good crop of clover, they may be made to produce it, and then, by the aid of a few successive crops of buckwheat, or oats, which may be raised in one season, as to enable them to do so, provided a bushel of plaster to the acre be sown thereon at the time of sowing the last in order to insure the proper time for ploughing in either of these grains, is when they are just in flower, and before the formation of the kernels. At the time of being ploughed in, the clover should precede the plough, to compress the herbage, and thus enable the ploughman to turn the whole well in. After the ploughman shall have done his work, a careful hand of the farmer should go over the field with a wooden spade or some other suitable instrument, to shove in and cover whatever of the vegetable matter that may have escaped being turned under by the plough. This done, a roller must be passed over the field, in the same direction that it was last ploughed, to consolidate the earth, and thus promote the decomposition of the vegetable coating turned under. In two weeks after the second crop shall have been ploughed in, it will be found that the putrefaction process will have been sufficiently carried on, to justify the sowing of the grain. As soon as the grain is sowed, let about from 25 to 40 bushels of lime to the acre be sowed on and harrowed in lightly. In the spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and the earth sufficiently dry to allow of the operation, clover seed, at the rate of 12 lb. to the acre, should be sowed, harrowed in, and harrowed in with a light harrow; and that operation should be followed by the roller. No farm used to entertainment of injuring the crop of grain by allowing the hoofs out with the harrow to gently for nearly all will be restored by the roller, and the impetus for tillering that will be imparted by the working, which the grain will thus receive, will more than make good the injury done which may be sustained by the dragging up of the plants; so that, while the grain itself will derive a positive advantage from the cultivation, certainty is insured by the covering of the clover seed, to its vegetation.

We have always thought, and all our experience goes to confirm our opinion, that many of the failures, in the setting of clover, arises from the circumstance of casting the seed upon the earth without covering, and relying upon the cracks and crannies left by the hoof to provide for the rest of the seed. It stands to reason, that if seeds, so delicate as are clover, be sown upon a hard-baked surface, as is most generally the case, a very large per centage of them must perish, for want of an earthy covering to protect them from the influence of sun and air. Moisture, we had said, we all know are essential to the germination of all kinds of seeds, and though these may sometimes be found on a surface partially bare, yet the sureal way to success is by placing such as are may commit to the earth, in such a position as will secure to them the full benefit of those agents. Let the seed be sown in grain in the bosom of the earth where opened or ploughed to the influence of sun and air, and we thus place it in a condition to derive the greatest amount of good from the equal influence of the spring rains. Let us take the advice as we may—but we have thought often upon it, and had some little experience—we have come to this conclusion, that, whether it be the intention of a farmer to sow clover, or any other small seed, a very much better and very material benefit from spring harrowing and rolling—Am. Farmer.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

WAR DEPARTMENT, December 1, 1841

To the President:

Sir: The operations of the Mexican Government in connecting the navigation of the Rio Grande with the Gulf of Mexico, by means of a canal, have recently been the subject of much discussion in the public prints, and have given rise to the inquiry, whether the canal could be made available for the purposes of war.

The accuracy of the information and the fairness of the views contained in the following extract from a letter addressed to the Chief Engineer, by a gentleman of high professional character, who has recently visited the locality, and who is well acquainted with the country, will be found to be the best answer to the inquiry. The extract is the more valuable, because it is the only information which has been received, and which can be made to the consideration of the following statement of the expense of the canal, which is taken from the same letter.

"Prior to the first inst. the plan communicated to the Senate on the 3d day of January, 1839, in pursuance of a resolution of that body, was pursued in the main, but with a slight deviation, which was approved in its general outlines by the board of officers who reported on the subject in May, 1839, and which appears to be well adapted to the purpose. It consisted of a long, tortuous, navigable canal, extending into the Indian country beyond the boundary of settlements, and thence through a country of the most hostile Indians, among the Indians or against our own settlements, as circumstances might dictate, or as plunder or revenge might suggest, or as the Mexicans might wish to direct. The canal would be to be established at those points should be constructed of wood, and the whole work has been carried on in a manner as to be equally indefensible against the Indians and Mexicans, and equally indefensible against our own troops, should they be required to act against the Indians, or against the Mexicans, in the event of a war with Mexico. It is in a manner exposed to the Indians, who have shown a disposition to molest it, and who, if they should be disposed to do so, could do it with impunity, and without exposure to the Mexicans, who, if they should be disposed to do so, could do it with impunity, and without exposure to the Indians. The canal is in a state of decay, and is, in a few years, to be rendered useless, and the expense of repairing it, and of keeping it in a state of repair, is to be borne by the United States, and the expense of defending